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A. ESME COLLINGS

LADY SUSAN DARNLEY.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE CORONATION AND AFTERWARDS

IT is not too much to say that every man and woman in London on Saturday of last week breathed a sigh of heartfelt relief when, at nine minutes past two precisely, cannon thundered from the Tower of London and in Hyde Park to announce that the whole Coronation service was over, and that the King of Great Britain and Ireland, already fully acknowledged as such, was leaving the Abbey Church of St. Peter at Westminster in the character of a crowned monarch. Sooth to say the preceding half-hour had shaken many nerves. It had been quite extraordinary to note beforehand how many women there were, aye and grown men too, who repeated old wives' tales that King Edward would never be crowned, protesting in the same breath that of course they were convinced personally that all such prognostications were childish and absurd. One of the clock, the hour at which the King's procession was timed to leave the Abbey, had long passed; the guns signifying the act of Coronation had been fired in the hearing of all; all that seemed to have happened long ago, and still the slow minutes crept on, till anxious men began to wonder what cause there could have been for so much of unexpected delay. Something, they feared, had surely gone amiss. Then came the first thunderous voice from Hyde Park, and certainly the roar of cannon was never more welcome to any expectant ears, for it meant in this case that all was safely

over and that King Edward and his stately Consort had already begun a royal progress through the heart of London to their metropolitan home. For the moment, in the general gladness, the delay was quite forgotten, but it may be worth while to state now that it was due partly to difficulties, perhaps unavoidable, in marshalling the procession in the Annexe, partly to the failure of the Archbishop's strength, and partly to the period spent by His Majesty in rest in his retiring chamber before entering upon his second triumphant pilgrimage between avenues of his cheering people. But the delay, although it caused not a little genuine anxiety then, is now clean forgotten and gone out of mind in the general thankfulness.

Take the Coronation for all in all, never, in all the history of England, has there been any ceremonial, with a living monarch for the principal figure, which has been at one and the same time so majestic and so deeply affecting. For stateliness alone it could not have been surpassed; in respect of the genuine and heartfelt feeling which it evoked it was equalled only by Queen Victoria's funeral. The King, universally popular and well-beloved, had been hurled to the brink of the grave on the eve of his intended Coronation. He had been brought back to his people again by superb medical skill and by the mercy of Providence, and the sudden distress of the nation had made them realise more completely than ever before how warm was their love for his person, how valuable his life was to them. Edward VII. was popular when illness seized him, more popular certainly than any king of his race had ever been; but when he rose from the bed of sickness he was loved as no monarch save his mother has been loved by the British people since the days of Elizabeth. The awful anticipation of those dark days at the end of June and the beginning of July brought all the many good and strong points of King Edward's character home to us, and so, this time as often before, it was demonstrated that "God fulfils Himself in many ways." National sorrow established the King, and the Queen who was unwearied in her tender care for him, more firmly than ever in the hearts of the British people.

This is not the place in which to enlarge on the gallant splendour of the progress through the streets; that indeed is done pictorially elsewhere in our columns. Nor is this a meet occasion for saying more of that solemn and beautiful service, ratifying the contract between a monarch and a free people, than that it was impressive beyond all precedent, and that it gained not a little in dignity by those simplifications of ceremonial which were introduced lest the King should become fatigued. Rather is it profitable to consider how King and nation shall conduct themselves now that the Captains and the Kings have departed, and the signs of public rejoicing are fading away, to the relief of all who make sober plans for the future. Yes, to their relief, since, glorious as was the Coronation when it came, and although we would by no means have abated one jot or one tittle of the pomp and ceremonial that accompanied it—for all these things have their symbolical meaning and all are powerful to impress the public mind—there has been enough of them. The fever of strenuous loyalty which raged healthily on Saturday was good in its season; but quiet and steady work is better as a rule of life. From one point of view this has been an exceptional year, one in which regular industry has been laid aside in absorbing preparations for public rejoicing that had to be postponed. From another it has been a year of chastening, for which we may all be the better in the end. Let us all, King and people, the King after he has fully recovered his strength with the help of the health-giving sea, the people at once and without delay, return to our daily round and our accustomed tasks with renewed vigour, determined "to rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." Let us all do our duty to the best of our ability, working hard when there is scope for it, playing heartily in our intervals of leisure, looking to the state of our body politic, to the education and training of our youth, to the better administration of our departments of State, to the condition of our industries, and, more especially, to that of the paramount industry of agriculture. That is our plain duty, and, since many of us have taken holiday from it for a while for just cause, it is certain that the act of returning to it will be positively grateful. Let us, in a word, in the language, in fact, of the Prince of Wales, wake up; to do so will be the best tribute we can pay to the King who has been spared to us.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

LADY SUSAN DE LA POER DAWNAY, recently married, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the sister of the present Marquess of Waterford, and of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who is perhaps more often mentioned than his brother. On page 218 will be found another portrait, that of the Hon. Diana Lister, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale.



On the day upon which this issue of COUNTRY LIFE really sees the light for the first time, the King leaves London for his holiday of convalescence amidst the hearty good wishes of all his subjects. To put matters shortly, everything has gone as well as it was humanly possible for things to go from beginning to end. The King and Queen have been crowned with every circumstance of splendour and dignity; they have been acclaimed by Westminster scholars in the Abbey, by the great voice of the people in the streets of London; the Westminster scholars, too, and not the Colonials, started the cheering in the Abbey; London has blazed with light for two or three nights, and its myriad people, with their guests of the moment, have conducted themselves marvellously well; the Colonials and Indians (the latter, for reasons given last week, being the more important) have been reviewed by the King, and so have all seen him in the flesh. The news of these things will flash through the bazaars of India with that strange rapidity which Anglo-Indians appreciate; and it is well that it should so be.

Meanwhile the King, be it hoped, will continue to take care to complete and to establish on a firm basis his wonderful recovery. As to his present state of health there is no doubt, and the writer is minded to speak with personal directness by reason of certain utterances which he has heard. It was the day after the King's arrival in London that a lady of good position, an average representative of upper middle-class opinion, was heard to say, in reference to the universal evidence of His Majesty's excellent health, "more newspaper lies." The writer, having been within six feet of the King at Victoria Station, and having seen him repeatedly at short range during the Coronation proceedings, is able to testify that there was no particle of exaggeration about the newspaper reports, perhaps because it would have been impossible to speak too encouragingly of his appearance. He was described as being brisk, vigorous, and alert; and emphatically he was all three. He was a little thinner, most undoubtedly, but that may be counted for gain. But at the same time there is every reason for taking all possible care, by sparing His Majesty all unnecessary exertion, that his health should be not only regained—it is that already—but built up again upon a firm basis.

Let us not forget the Queen, as, in their anxiety for the King, men and women have been too apt to do. Fresh from the fatigues of the Coronation, which she went through with that grace of mien for which she has no rival, and fresh after those fatigues, which is more to the point, Queen Alexandra was engaged on Monday in a duty after her own heart. It was the presentation of medals to doctors and nurses and rank and file of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals. The scene was the garden of Devonshire House, little known to the public but beautifully fitted for such a ceremonial, for behind the house is a broad terrace, which served for platform, and twelve or fifteen feet below, at the bottom of a green slope, is a lawn where the recipients were assembled, and behind it a wilderness of trees. It was, by the consent of all who were present, a lovely scene, and it gained additional interest from the presence of the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and General Gaselee.

Yet another note on a Royal topic may not be omitted. The King, immediately after his Coronation, announced by open letter to Mr. Balfour that he had decided to give Osborne House, saving the private apartments of the late Queen, for a convalescent home for officers and the like. So rarely are Royal secrets entirely kept, and so complete was the surprise, that it is just to regard this Royal benefaction as being in the nature of a thank-offering. Be that as it may, there could be no gift more suitable. Osborne is not, according to the views of architectural beauty now prevailing, and likely to endure, a beautiful building; but if it had been erected for the purposes of a convalescent home it could hardly have been better planned by Prince Albert. Moreover, its

elevated position, its open faces towards nearly all the winds of heaven, free it from the reproach of having that relaxing air which is characteristic of the low-lying parts of the Isle of Wight. Norfolk, too, will be joyful, for the King's letter makes special mention of his attachment to his eastern home.

Some thoughtless dissatisfaction has been expressed concerning the ceremonial reception which is to be given to Generals Botha, Delarey, and De Wet when they reach Southampton on Saturday in the Saxon, as reach it they will if all goes well. If it be true that they are to be received by the authorities of the Colonial Office and by Lord Kitchener, and to be taken round the fleet assembled at Spithead in a special steamer, and to be received by the King on Sunday, then, in our judgment, the news is good. If anything can impress the Boer mind with the utter hopelessness of any attempt to resist British power, it will be the sight of those prim vessels at Spithead. Our only regret is that General Lucas Meyer, the man who loved the sight of the green fields and the ordered husbandry of England, will not be there also.

The reconstruction of the Cabinet is not a matter with which it is necessary to deal at great length here, but we will not be denied the pleasure of congratulating the Chamberlains, father and son, upon having attained an honour almost unique in the history of Cabinets; and Lord Londonderry will probably be more at home in his new office than in that which he vacates. True it is that he has secured the public approval of Mr. Henniker Heaton, and no doubt he has worked well and zealously, but some of his letters to the Press have not been marked by discretion and have given cause for ribald jests. It is to be hoped that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who has plenty of vigour, may address himself earnestly to the reformation of the Post Office. It is a wonderful department, but it is full of anomalies and absurdities, of which the rules as to the postage of newspapers are not the least remarkable.

Worst of all are the regulations concerning the postage of magazines and newspapers to Canada, which have been the subject of recent discussion in public, as well, no doubt, as in the private conferences between Colonial Premiers and the Colonial Office. These are, as the writer had occasion to realise in Canada last year, severely felt in the Dominion, and the result of them is that the ephemeral hebdomadal and monthly publications of the United States circulate in Canada far more freely, because more cheaply, than those of the United Kingdom. The Canadians would rather have our newspapers and magazines, but those of the United States amuse them equally—and it is for entertainment mainly that men buy these things—but at a less price. Now the monthly publications of the United States, or some of them, are excellent. We could wish the Canadians no better pabulum, although, of course, it would be better that they should buy from us. But in daily and weekly journalism, from any sober and thoughtful point of view, Great Britain is incalculably superior to the United States, and it is a thousand pities that British publishers should be hampered by postage rates which are unnecessarily high, since the Post Office makes a huge profit, and irritatingly anomalous.

J'y suis, j'y reste—that is the unkind thing which some of the papers say because Lord Halsbury has not resigned the Woolsack. But surely there is another point of view. If Lord Halsbury had retired he would have drawn his retiring allowance, and the incoming Chancellor would have drawn full pay. As matters stand, he is admittedly hale, and for sheer sagacity and clearness of insight he has no superior even on the judicial bench of the House of Lords. Very learned, perhaps, he is not; he has never been industrious enough for that. But he has a marvellous brain, and he is a man of the world who knows his world very well. His judicial appointments have not, perhaps, been above cavil in their manner of making; but when all is said and done, they have not, on the whole, turned out very ill. In a word, the country may as well get all the work it can obtain out of Lord Halsbury's strong intelligence.

Heartfelt sympathy has gone from all England to the Lord Chief Justice, and will continue to flow in his direction, in respect of the sad loss of his son. Lord Alverstone was on the point of starting to South Africa, to devote his Long Vacation and his judicial mind to the service of his country, in that enquiry which must be held into the conduct of the war, when he was delayed by an impending operation on his son for appendicitis. Now his son is no more, and all England is full of sympathy. Moreover, all England talks as though the King and Lord Alverstone's son had been suffering from the same complaint, so that there would appear to be the additional element of pathos in the fact that the one was taken and the other was left. That is not so. Appendicitis and perityphlitis are not the same, although the centres of mischief are contiguous. But the case is a very sad one, none the less; and that, more's the pity, is all that can be said.

Another death, which stirs memories rather than rouses poignant sorrow, is that of Mr. George Dalziel, one of the two brothers in engraving who did more to familiarise the public with the masterpieces of modern art than any others during the century that is past and gone. George Dalziel was born in 1815, and he had therefore well exceeded even the four score years of the Psalmist, to say nothing of three score years and ten. He was one of the numerous men of light and leading who have hailed from the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, although, unlike most of them, his bent was not industrial or scientific, but artistic. It is not too much to say that he and his brother Edward worked with and under—with rather than under—all the most illustrious artists of their generation, and their book, "The Brothers Dalziel," published by Messrs. Methuen last year, is an interesting record of work done for, and the friendliest relations maintained with, nearly all the great English painters and black and white artists between 1840 and 1890.

At last we have something approaching to an authoritative decision concerning original Coronation seats, and Mr. Justice Darling, after an argument in which he gave free rein to his ever-ready wit, has decided in favour of the seat purchaser. There is to be an appeal, almost as of course, which is a good thing for both classes of potential plaintiffs and defendants, if not for the parties to the action; but there is no reason why an opinion should not be expressed on the prospects of the appeal. Contempt of court consists in opinions expressed with a view to influence the course of justice, and really can occur only in jury cases. So there need be no hesitation in saying that, although the jokes of Darling J. were not of the best, his reasoning was sound. The defendant contracted to pay £75 for the use of a room for two days, excluding the intervening night, in order that he might see the Coronation procession and that of the next day. "No Coronation, no pay," said Mr. Justice Darling, and it is not at all likely his decision will be upset.

NEIGHBOURS ON THE GREEN.

The Green it stretches wide and dark
Below the mountain's shade,
It hears the linnet and the lark
In many a green arcade.
The houses ope their casements wide
To air and sky serene,
And anyone may look inside
Those Neighbours on the Green.
Each in its garden edged with box,
With lilies by the porch,
And hollyhocks and phlox and stocks,
And roses in an arch.
The sunflowers flaunt their golden store,
The China asters lean,
Purple and pink, for rich and poor,
Those Neighbours on the Green.
A railing and a rockery gay
Shut off the Dowager.
Almshouses, homely folks in grey,
Rise up next door to her.
Poverty wears her fairest face,
And wealth a gracious mien,
Here in this flowery old-world place,
As Neighbours on the Green.
The curtains flap in summer air,
The diamond panes will catch
The setting sun; the doors ajar,
They open on a latch.
The rooms, with rafters all of oak,
So fragrant and so clean;
I envy rich and common folk,
Those Neighbours on the Green.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

An amusing mistake, due probably to the employment of young and smart but ill-informed correspondents, has crept into many of the accounts of the Coronation. By the side of the Cambridge Stand in the Mall, close to Spring Gardens, were tethered milch cows, with a dairy woman in attendance, and their product was in considerable demand. Promptly the correspondents, or some of them, burst out into expressions of delight at the thoughtfulness displayed by the authorities. As a matter of fact, the cows and the dairy woman, or their predecessors in title, have occupied that spot not only for generations, but, certainly, for upwards of a century, and it used to be the fashionable thing to take syllabubs there. They are a highly interesting survival, not a happy thought of the moment; and they might have served to strangle at birth that fine old crusted story of the London child who refused milk in the country because he saw it taken not from a burnished vessel or a clean bowl, but from "a beastly cow."

Illuminations were a somewhat notable feature of the recent celebrations in London, and, taken as a whole, they were decidedly better than they have been in previous years of popular rejoicing, although, for want of harmony and concert in organisation, they would hardly bear comparison with those to

which some of our colonial and foreign visitors are accustomed. The Bank of England, the Duke of Norfolk's house in St. James's Square, Mr. Wernher's house in Piccadilly, and Mr. Beit's new house in Park Lane, were perhaps the best displays in houses; but Apsley House, Lord Rothschild's, and those in the neighbourhood in the same block, also looked passing well. Dominating the whole was the search-light, surmounted by a blazing crown, on the top of St. Edward's Tower, as it is to be called, of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Westminster, and the Canadian Arch was vastly fine. But it is perhaps a pity that our visitors could not forget the uses of advertisement on an occasion of this kind. "Free homes for millions" savoured a little too strongly of the emigration agent's circular.

A better-behaved crowd could not have been seen in all the wide world, although it grew perceptibly more boisterous as visitors moved from West to East. On Saturday night no vehicles were allowed; on Monday, when illumination was but partial, they were permitted, and so, though the confusion seemed inextricable at times, the aged and infirm had their chance. Even on Saturday night there was necessarily congestion both in the West End and in the City, especially in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, in Whitehall, and in the neighbourhood of the Bank of England. But in the West End it was wonderful to observe the skill with which that "splendid force, the police" (to quote Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars") persuaded the people, who were willing to listen, to obey the injunction to keep to the right. This the police effected by making themselves a living partition in the middle of the street between the two currents of people. In the City the police were not equally successful; perhaps the crowds were not so amenable. Certain it is that at one time the City Police, instead of being in the middle of the road, as they should have been, were jammed helplessly against the wall. In fact, that good sportsman, Sir Edward Bradford, is, next to the King and Queen, the person most to be congratulated on the success of all Coronation arrangements. But he is run hard and close by Lord Esher.

Assuredly Mr. Seddon has every right to feel proud of the colony of which he is the Prime Minister. Lately he has been able to cable "home"—to his home in the Antipodes—some remarkable success of the New Zealanders studying medicine at Guy's Hospital. Of four exhibitions and gold medals recently awarded at that institution, three have been taken by New Zealand students. It is evident, also, that two of these at least unite the sane body with the sane and scientific mind, for one of them, Mr. O'Brien, who obtained exhibitions and medals both for anatomy and chemistry, is the captain of the Guy's Hospital Football Team which gained the last Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup; and another, Mr. Allen, won the quarter mile race in the last Inter-Hospital Athletic Sports. With such accomplished medical men going back to them there ought soon to be not a sick man in either island of New Zealand. The only pity seems to be that their talents should be spent on such a healthy country.

In connection with the late International Exhibition, a conference was held on certain days of last week on different phases of the inland fisheries of Ireland, at which papers were read from some very distinguished contributors. There was a paper on trout breeding by Herr Jaffe, who probably is the most recognised authority in the world on this subject, which he has made his own. Dr. Kingston Barton contributed a paper on "The Feeding of Salmon in Fresh Water," a question which he has investigated with all the resources of science and with unremitting energy for many years. Mr. Willis Bund, chairman of the Severn Fishery Board, wrote on "The Cause of the Decline of Inland Fisheries"; and Mr. J. B. Fielding on "The Life History of Inland Edible Fishes." This array of talent really is much out of the common, and it will be interesting to see whether the conference will have any practical result in the improvement of the Irish Fisheries, for which improvement there no doubt is ample room. There were other contributors to the conference scarcely less distinguished than those named above.

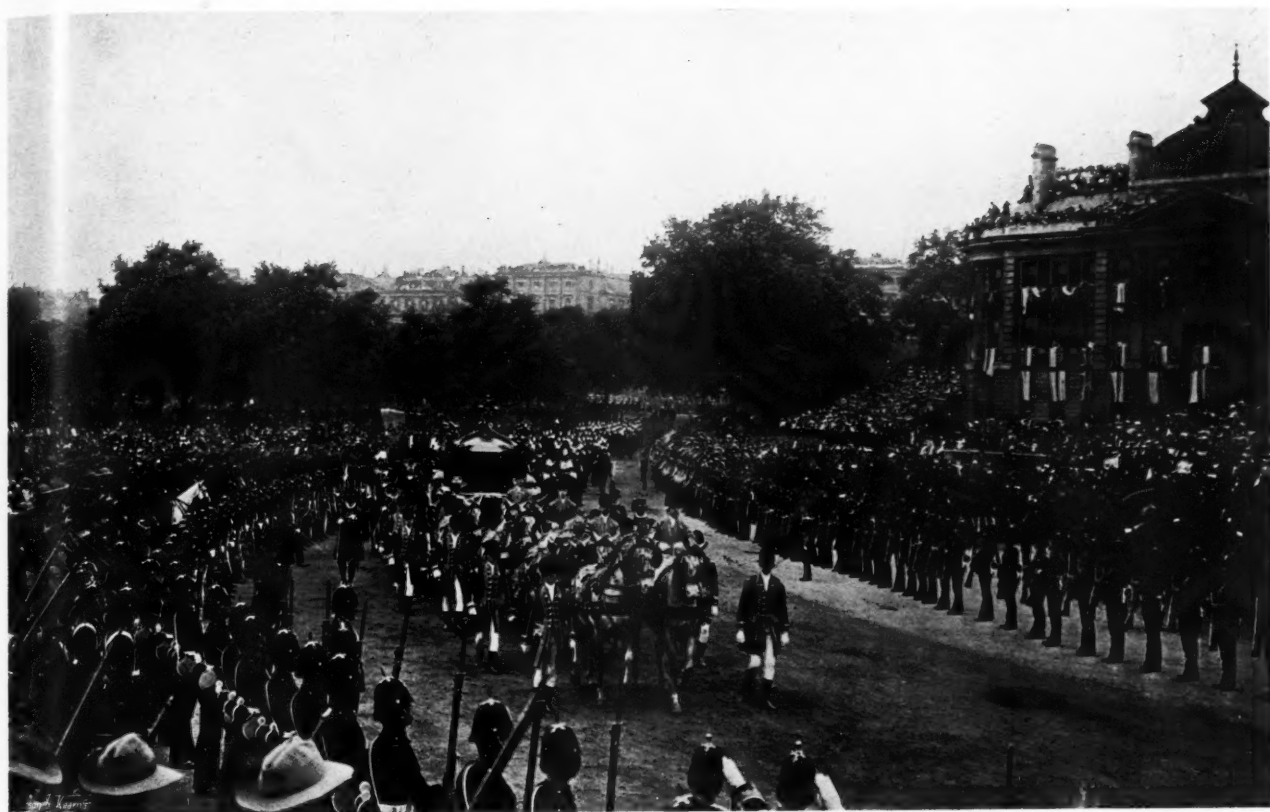
The severe accident that the Archdeacon of Wrexham, the Venerable Llewelyn Wynne-Jones, lately suffered in consequence of a dog that rushed across the road on which he was bicycling, is an instance of one of the most frequent causes of upset to cyclists. Incidentally it suggests the question of dogs and motors. When dog and bicycle collide, commonly it is the rider of the cycle that suffers the more heavily. When dog collides with motor the balance of damage is the other way. In fact, the loss of canine life, sometimes valuable canine life, owing to motors, is not inconsiderable. In England probably it seldom is the fault of the motorist. Excessive speed, of course, is to be deprecated, but the owners of dogs can do a great deal in the way of teaching animals to keep out of the way of the motor. Lessons in coming "to heel" at sound of a motor whistle would not be out of place. Especially should the evil habit be checked of running out and barking.

Some of the old wooden aqueducts that used to supply water to the City of London when means and requirements were alike more modest, seem to be discovered in a state of preservation that is altogether wonderful. The latest find of the kind has been beneath Finsbury Pavement, where the authorities were laying down new gas mains, and incidentally lighted on some old tree trunks, hollowed out, that undoubtedly were used as water conduits in former times. It is singular enough that their presence never had been suspected before, for they were only some 4ft. below the surface, and for some hundreds or so of yards the North Metropolitan tramcars must have been running over them. Possibly the big diameter of the trees, in comparison with the borehole for the water, may account, in a measure, for their excellent state of preservation, for while the trunks varied from 4ft. to 6ft. in girth, the boreholes through them varied only from 6in. to 8in. or so. Some of the trunks were over 20ft. in length, and the end of each was pointed so as to fit into the bore of the one following it. The

idea is that they led from the water reservoir at Clerkenwell, of the New River Company, and supplied the water to the City, leading it across Finsbury Fields. The length of time that they must have been in the ground is estimated at 150 years.

Certain experiments, and the report of the Indian Plague Commission, go some long way towards white-washing the character of the common rat from the evil suspicion that it or its parasites, were agents in the transmission of the bubonic plague. On the other hand, the suspicion has been thrown, by the researches of a Dr. Gosio of Naples, on the bat, a creature that is very much infested by parasites, and that suffers very quickly the infection of the germ of bubonic plague, which spreads very rapidly in the body of the bat. There is some further circumstantial evidence with a like tendency in the fact that some bats from an isolated building were suspected, independently of Dr. Gosio's accusations, of spreading the disease in a small outbreak at Naples some little time ago.

CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.



London Stereoscopic Co.

THE STATE COACH IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

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NEVER before in the history of nations has mortal eye looked on scenes like to the stately ceremonies of Saturday last, and the overpowering impressions left by them upon the mind, together with the emotions, almost tempt one to prophesy that never again will the world witness anything that will compare with the wonderful combination of symbolic Christian ceremony and gorgeous spectacle, as far removed from the theatrical as light is from dark. It was not a mere show the people came out to see, nor did they assemble in their tens of thousands to make holiday. It was to look on their King, the more endeared by affliction. It was as representatives of millions of fellow-subjects that the people, as distinct from the peers and guests bidden to the Abbey, lined the streets of London to do homage to their Sovereign Lord and to show, with equal if not greater emphasis, the place His Majesty holds in the hearts of his subjects. And the message, "See how these people love," will go forth—has gone forth—to the ends of the earth as a re-echo of the expression of kingly consideration which came from the sick chamber when our Sovereign was stricken with a dread disease.

To the significance of the ceremonies and spectacles reference is made elsewhere. To describe in detail the processions to and from the Abbey, to write with any degree of fulness of the actual scene inside the sacred fane, which has witnessed so much that is indelibly impressed on history's pages, is clearly impossible here. And yet it is due to the

occasion that something should be said of the events which marked the day that saw the coronation of His Majesty King Edward the Seventh and his beloved consort Queen Alexandra. The hour of Friday midnight had scarce chimed when positions on the line of route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey and back again by the circuitous route from the Abbey to the Palace began to be occupied. Many who came thus early remained through the long hours that passed until the return of the processions after the crowning of the King and Queen. Of these numbers stayed to form parts of the large processions that afterwards paraded the streets until long past the birth of Sunday.

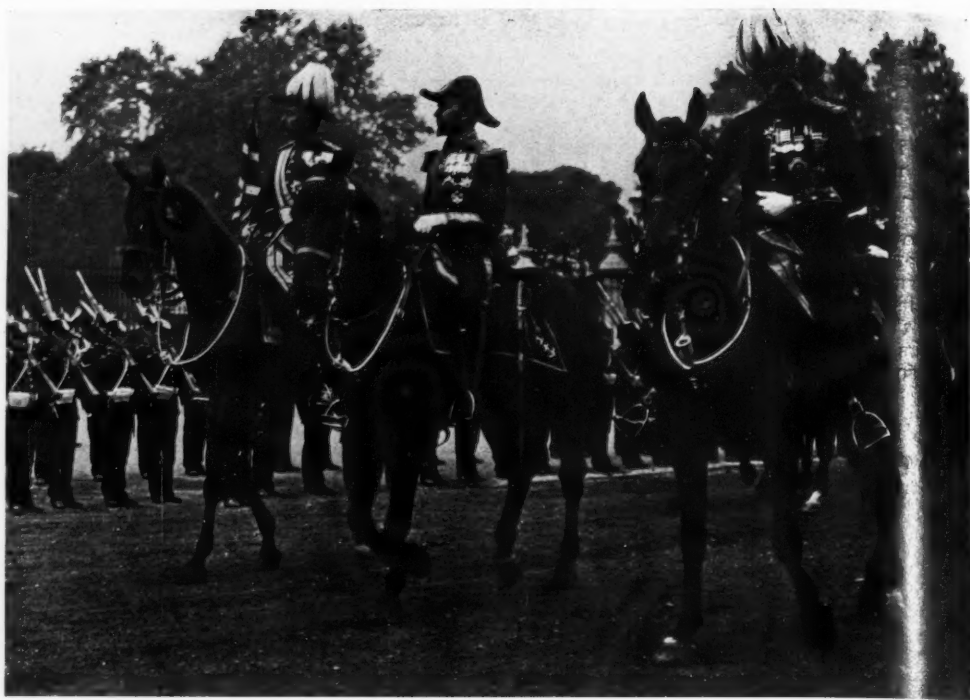
After the people and the police came the soldiers to keep within bounds the vast assembled throngs, and to make to the crowd a fine fringe of fighting manhood. From the home garrisons, from India, and from Britain beyond the Seas they came, focussing Empire, and not a little of the beauty of the picture was made by these valiant pillars of the commonweal. More particularly was this seen at Buckingham Palace, where, in addition to the naval and military guards of honour, was posted one composed of India's picturesque sons. The military bands that were here and there stationed along the route gave additional pleasure to the waiting multitudes; but it was the people, orderly in behaviour, and with chastened joy that only became exuberant on the passing of the King, who made the best background along which was drawn the moving spectacle.

Preceded by the processions of the Royal and Foreign Princes and, a little later, by that of the Heir Apparent,

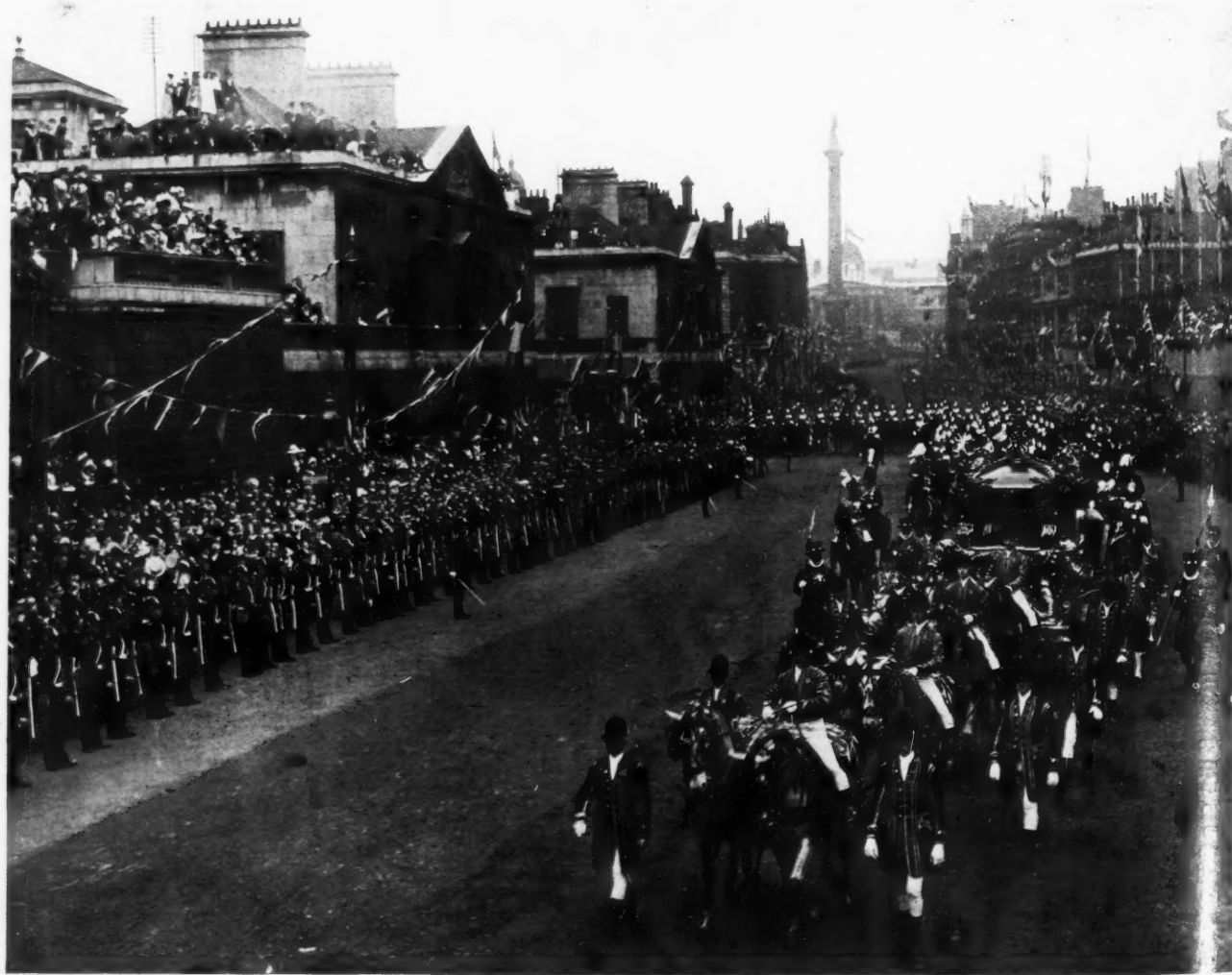
surrounded by representatives of Empire, and accompanied from Palace to Abbey by the plaudits of loyal subjects, the joyous outpealing of bells, and the strains of the National Anthem, their Majesties reached Westminster at about half-past eleven to receive the ancient symbols of sovereignty and dominion which have been hallowed by the custom of centuries. Inside the cathedral of England's greatness, eagerly waiting their Sovereign, there was gathered an illustrious congregation fully representative of the British race. The King and Queen were no great time robing in the retiring rooms, which, by the way, were furnished by Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East. Leaving the skilfully designed Annexe, about which so much has been written, the Abbey proper was entered shortly before noon. From the first burst of triumphal music that greeted the Sovereign's ears until the moment when the crowned King passed from the door of the Annexe amidst the spontaneous and wholly irrepressible cheers of the assemblage, the spectacle and ceremonies from beginning to end warmed the heart of every onlooker.

Then came the return journey, and the triumphant progress from the Abbey to the Palace gave redoubled evidence of the joy of his subjects that their King had been safely crowned. Anxious though loyal apprehension with stupid superstition were

silenced and put to shame, and there is little wonder that, as it was plain to see, their Majesties were deeply moved by the reception received. The soldiers who, gathered from near and far, lined the route will go back to friends and homes to tell in that way which is far more powerful than the written message of all they have seen and heard. King and Emperor, Queen and Empress must have felt in the consummation of their own hopes and



LORD KITCHENER, SIR E. SEYMOUR, AND SIR A. GASELEE.



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THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE STATE COACH.

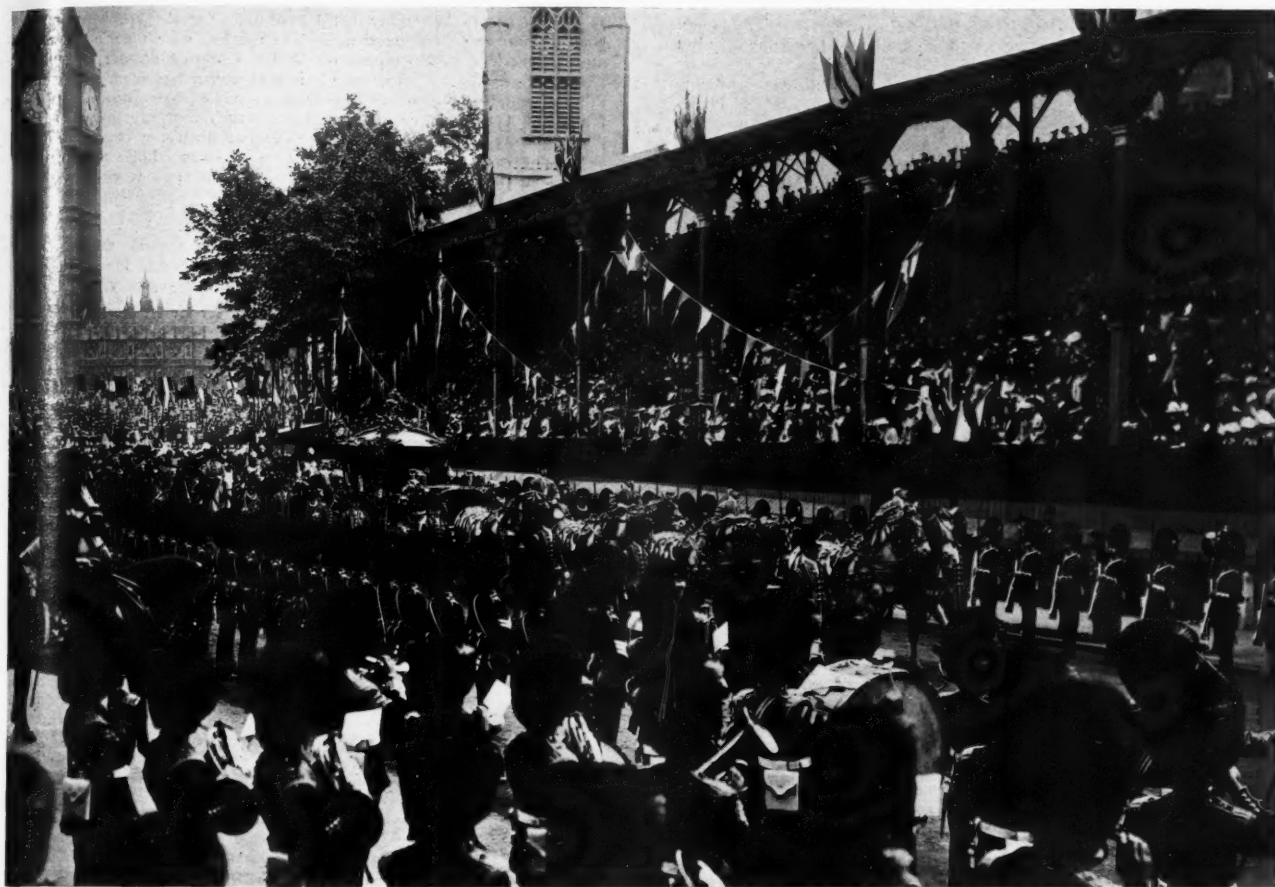
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those of their innumerable subjects yet another link had been forged in the chain of love which binds them to the hearts of their people.

After the King and Queen, perhaps no distinguished member of the three processions received a greater ovation than did the recently returned commander of the forces in South Africa. Volumes of cheers rent the skies as Lord Kitchener, apparently unconcerned, rode along the route. But even the stern-faced General relaxed on the return journey when the Chelsea Hospital veterans near Constitution Hill poured forth their welcome. Pointing them out to his companions, Admiral Sir

Palace was in sight, and the cavalcade speedily passed on. Here, as everywhere, necks were craned, handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and a mighty roar of welcome burst forth. The joy of the people knew no bounds. The words of the lady who scornfully told a policeman on Constitution Hill that she absolutely refused to be seated whilst her Sovereign was passing, were but indicative of the spirit that was prevalent throughout the day.

It remains but to be said that no hitch of the slightest consequence occurred anywhere to mar the proceedings. For this tribute is due to the Earl Marshal, to Lord Esher,



The Biograph Studio.

THE ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER.

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Edward Seymour and General Sir Alfred Gaselee, like himself but recently returned from fighting for King and country, although in another quarter of the globe, the face of the stern General lit up in a rare smile. It was near the same spot during a temporary halt that a member, needless to say of the opposite sex, broke through the line of soldiers, and, running into the roadway, touched Lord Kitchener on the arm, and ran back again amidst the applause of the onlookers. But the

to the Duke of Connaught, with Sir Henry Trotter, and to Sir Edward Bradford. If the day were somewhat cold, it must be remembered that a more typically August day, whilst possibly lending greater brilliancy of colour to the processions, would have given inconvenience, to use no stronger word, to the countless thousands who looked on them. As matters stood seldom has so long and arduous a day been accomplished with so much ease by all concerned.

RACING NOTES.

AMONG the many Bank Holiday meetings Hurst Park was the only one which calls for any special mention. The principal race of the day, the Holiday Handicap of 500 sovs., was noticeable on account of an excellent piece of riding by the apprentice Trigg, who landed Mr. Fairie's Water Wheel a winner. This horse is not easy for a boy to ride; he is a slow and reluctant beginner, but when once set going is fairly smart. In this race he struggled on under hard pressure, making up a lot of ground at the finish.

A lot of those who had spent the week-end after Goodwood at one or other of the fashionable watering-places on the South Coast put in an appearance on the first day at Brighton, including Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford, Lord Hamilton of Dalziel, Lord Essex, the Lady Elena Wickham, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Creighton, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Charles Hartopp, Mr. Broderick Cloete, and many others. The starting-gate again came in for much adverse criticism, particularly in relation to the Marine Plate, in which five out of a field of fifteen were left at the post. The remaining ten, however, made a good race of it, the spoils of victory being carried off by Mr. King's Orchid, who was hunted home by Star of Hanover. Sundridge, who was third, ran probably the best in the race, as with 10st. on his back he was close up to the first two.

In the Brighton Stakes Morganatic seemed to have the race in hand, but he is not an easy horse to ride, and he carried little Plant very wide at the turn, thus enabling Ruthburne to fight out a good race with Viper. It is not often that one sees a horse of Mr. Frank Gardner's start at 10 to 1 and win, but this

happened in the Rottingdean Plate on the second day, the public having elected to back Lady Sevington and the Fair Profit filly. The Simoom filly was naturally fancied and heavily backed at a short price for the Brighton Cup, having really very little to beat. The favourite and Raven's Flight had it all to themselves, and the former won very easily by two lengths. We have heard from time to time very tall talk about the American horse Intruder, but he cut up very badly indeed, thus confirming his previous poor form. He may in future be disregarded except when in the lowest class of company. O'Donovan Rossa, in spite of the hard work he has done, started favourite for the Sussex Plate, but he could not resist the persistent challenges of King's Quest, who won by two lengths. The straw jacket of the Duke of Devonshire was in front in the Apprentices' Plate on Mormon, who is an own brother to that champion sprinter Eager.

Thursday's racing opened with the Brookside Plate, for which ten rather second-rate two year olds turned out, the winner being found in Mr. Singer's Skin Deep. Mr. Sievier's Saintcraft got away with a good start in the Bramber Plate, and in spite of the vigorous challenge of the favourite, Miss Bryant, came home a winner at the remunerative price of 6 to 1. Lord Carnarvon, who now seems in luck's way, carried off the High-Weight Handicap with Carlekemp, a chestnut son of Janissary and Maocira, who started favourite at 9 to 4. Another favourite won the mile and a-half Worthing Plate, for which sixteen runners came under the gate. Mr. Cunliffe's Kilmantle came out and won in good style, though a short way from home the race looked to be anybody's, so closely were the field packed together. The winner was sold to Mr. Sibury for

240 guineas. The expatriated Janissary was to the fore again when another of his sons, Amurath, beat Innocence, Holstein, and Sergeant for the Southdown Plate. The winner was thought an immense deal of when he won the Brocklesby, but his subsequent career has hardly sustained his early reputation. The Brighton T.V.C. is just suited to Smilax, who started with odds of 10 to 1 betted on her and won in an exercise canter.

Disguise II., after a chequered and somewhat disappointing career in England, has returned to Mr. Keene's Castleton Stud in Kentucky. He is travelling by one of the American Transport Line boats, Minnetouka, which is specially fitted up for the accommodation of valuable livestock.

From Brighton it is a very short trip to Lewes, where racing took place on Friday, and here again we saw one of Mr. Sievier's small string successful when Barberstown won the Club Open Long Welter Race. Barberstown won in a canter by three lengths, but the main interest of the race is centred in the fact that the mare is one of those who have been "doing work" in company with Sceptre. A rattling set-to was seen in the finish for the Castle Plate, Ambiguity only just getting his nose in front of Golden Cabin in the last few strides.

Seven youngsters contested the Astley Stakes, of which Ayrshire Beauty was most fancied by the public, but she had to give way to Arabi and Principality. The form was pretty good, as Mr. Brassey's colt was giving weight to Principality. Arabi is by Bay Ronald, who was a Hampton horse out of a mare tracing back to Galopin, while on his dam's side he is a great-grandson of Hermit, and is very closely inbred to Stockwell through St. Albans, while he also possesses strains of Vedette on both sides of the house. The Southdown Club Open Handicap fell to the lot of Mr. G. Farrar's Buller, who was ridden by Mr. P. Whitaker.

In the Mile Handicap Sorciere, who was made a hot favourite, gave her backers a rare fright, as she got very badly away, and Jean Bart acquired a huge start, but, judiciously ridden by J. Dillon, she gradually made up her lost ground, and was well able to make a spurt for the finish when called upon. The rain had improved the going at Lewes, the course being in striking contrast to that at Brighton, which was in places both hard and slippery.

The week was remarkable for the successes achieved by W. Lane, who still retains his position as the leading jockey. He had twenty-nine mounts, a dozen of whom he brought home as winners.

The Great Ebor Handicap has obtained forty-four entries, as against fifty last year. As might have been expected, Osboch is awarded top weight, but as the acceptances are not due till Tuesday it would be useless to discuss the respective chances of horses before that time.

MENDIP.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SUFFERINGS OF INSECTS.

THE effect of this "summer's" weather upon the insect world must have been, from the insect's point of view, simply disastrous. We set so little store by these diminutive, many-legged folk, that we do not notice their sufferings. When the cuckoo, whom we all like to hear, is driven away from us before he has even changed his tune, we sadly notice the fact; but who sorrows for the insects, which die by millions from the same cause that speeds the parting cuckoo? Indeed, if we think of the matter at all, it is with some sense of vindictive satisfaction, and we count it for virtue even to the profligate cuckoo that he "destroys insects." Still there are some insects which compel one to notice them; and we have to be grateful to the weather for the fact that earwigs, which had been multiplying horribly for some years, have been reduced to reasonable numbers; that wasps seem scarcely as numerous as the queen wasps themselves were in spring; that house flies—although there is still plenty of time for them to become a plague as in other autumns—scarcely muster twenty per cent. of their usual strength in August. The acrobatic beetle, known to boys as the "skipjack," which is the parent of the dreaded wireworm, has suffered by multitudes also; and if the daddylong-legs, who is the parent of the equally-mischiefous "leather-jacket" that destroys the roots of grass, should similarly fall victims to autumn storms, we shall feel that we have not suffered the inconvenience of spoilt holidays altogether in vain.

SLENDER COVEYS.

One ill effect of the paucity of insects this summer may have been to reduce still further the partridge coveys which inclement May and June had left so slender. Crossing the best corner of a large estate, which is famous for its partridges, in Norfolk, I counted the numbers of birds in the coveys disturbed from two large fields. They were 2, 8, 5, 3, 6, 2, 2, 11, and one covey of very small chicks, which an excited mother left in the grass, seemed to number about 8. This works out to little more than three young birds to each old pair of partridges, and one-third of the old birds were childless. As it happens, however, an unusually large stock was left on the ground at the end of last season, and in less exposed situations the coveys would no doubt be large, so that there may be fair shooting after all. And, since Nature generally gives with one hand what she takes away with the other, it may be that there has been no redundancy of partridges this year, when there was such a shortage of insect food for them.

THE RANKNESS OF LATE SUMMER.

One would think that the insects of August must have coarser tastes and grosser appetites than those of May, because there is such a striking contrast between the flowers of the two seasons. If it is solely to catch the passing insect's fancy that flowers have acquired their colour, size, and shape, then, just as in the slums of a city you see gaudy cheapness in the goods displayed for sale, you cannot help thinking that the insects of poppy-time must belong to a lower class than those to whom the modest, sweetly-scented violet of spring appeals. And though the poppy may be an extreme case of flaunting display with small backing of merit, yet almost all of our late summer flowers exhibit the same tendency to grow rankly and flower profusely, but scarcely one appeals to us by delicacy or fragrance. The fact is, of course, that the plants of late summer are compelled to be pushing and to advertise themselves, because they find the ground already occupied by the fruiting remains of the plants of spring and early summer. So even the indescribably beautiful blue of the chicory blossoms and the soft mauve-lilac of the scabious have to be thrust up to poppy level to attract attention, and so soon as their bloom is shed they become unsightly scarecrows of plants, giving the windswept banks a ragged and desolate aspect all through the autumn. While, too, you may treasure the gathered blooms of spring's violets and primroses, who has not experienced the flat disappointment which follows the attempt to arrange a bunch of wild flowers in August? The

meadow-sweet, lingering in moist hollows, still looks creamy white as it grows beside the bright pink willow-herb, and the crimson loosestrife almost seems to flame in tall tufts beside the stream. But gather a handful of them, and in five minutes you are weary of their tawdriness and rankness and their clashing hues. They are the painted charms of Nature when she is past her prime, and do not bear close inspection.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

What causes one to value the late flowers less is that so many of them, in spite of their beauty, are arrant weeds. If the common field poppy, for instance, could now be introduced as a floral novelty, it would certainly receive an award of merit from the Royal Horticultural Society; but as matters stand, few farmers would not be willing to subscribe for a reward to the man who should invent a means of exterminating it off the face of the land. The ragwort, again, with its flat head of golden yellow flowers, might be regarded as an ornament to the country if it did not occupy whole acres of poor pasture-land with its worthless luxuriance. The thistles, were they but rare, might seem almost the noblest groups of British flowering plants; but when you see them standing by battalions where they are not wanted, and watch the thistle down drifting from field to field with the idle harvest winds, you feel that the British flora would be all the better for their complete disappearance. I doubt whether any wild flower is more beautiful than the common chickweed, and I am sure that no weed is worse, while who can admire the royal purple of the knapweed's bloom when it is thrust in contumacious clusters above the heads of the struggling barley?

THE CHICKWEED'S OPPORTUNITY.

Perhaps we ought to feel more kindly disposed towards the weed, seeing that we ourselves have perverted them from their honest life as simple wild flowers. If we did not turn up the ground for them, they would sink into modest insignificance and be content with a humble place in the struggle of plant life. Chickweed, for instance, which makes such rampant tangles of greenery in field or neglected flower-bed, grows in its own place and in its proper way on every hillside and in every old pasture; but there you find it with difficulty, except when its tiny white flowers—very pretty flowers if they were not so microscopic—catch the eye. Jostled and crowded by stronger neighbours on every side, the modest chickweed has no notions then of luxuriance or rankness. It wastes as little as possible of its substance in greenery, content if it can thrust one slender strand or two up to the sunlight and open two or three small flowers there. When, however, a seed of the chickweed finds itself in rich, unoccupied earth, where man's spade has overturned and destroyed all the perennial plants which made a crowded carpet on the ground, the little plant rejoices, and gratefully spreads hundreds of wire-like roots in the earth and hundreds of matted trailing branches on the surface of the ground, and hastens to produce enough seeds to ensure success for another generation in the perpetual struggle of chickweed *versus* the world. Instead of admiring the little plant's enterprise and promptitude, we only regard it as a troublesome factor in our perpetual struggle of man *versus* the rest of the world, and denounce it as a weed.

THE SEXES OF THISTLES.

Look at the thistle, again. When, after harvest, we see a neglected field white with flying thistle down, we naturally imagine that the pestilent plant is sowing itself "everywhere"; but, as a matter of fact, it is rarely indeed that a head of the common thistle produces a single descendant by seed, except where man's untidy farm leaves open ground neglected from year to year. You can see this by looking at any old pasture which thistles have almost ruined. For the common thistle is one of those plants which have separate sexes, easily distinguishable from each other. The male plants have much more showy flowers than the female, thus attracting insects to visit the male flowers first, so that they may carry the pollen to the females afterwards. All the labour of both plants would be wasted if the insects went to the female first. But what strikes you at once in an old "thistle-field" is that the plants grow in separate colonies, as it were, one patch, 20 yds. long or more, being all male, and another all female. Walking down a hedgerow where thistles have gained a strong foothold you will see the same thing—nothing but male flowers in one part, and only females in another.

VEGETABLE COLONIES.

Now, if the thistles were, as one always supposes, freely distributed by the seeds attached to the thistle down which one sees sometimes lying on the grass like drifting snow, the male and female plants would be springing up together all over the place, each growing from its own seed. Instead of that we find the two sexes growing in separate colonies. Why is this? Simply because the real multiplication of the common thistle is carried on underground, hence its name of "Creeping Thistle," and each large colony has grown from the roots of a single individual of one sex or the other, every year undermining a larger area of the grass, and sending up a stronger array of domineering thistles. Counting the thistle patches by their sex, you will see that the whole of a large field may thus be spoilt by scarcely more than half-a-dozen separate thistles (which could easily have been exterminated when they first appeared) and that the millions of thistle seeds which are annually spilt upon that field do not as a rule produce a single young thistle.

THE THISTLE'S HISTORY.

Of course where the wind blows at thistle seedtime from one man's neglected pasture to another man's clean ploughland plenty of trouble between neighbours may be caused; but where the ground is already occupied by a natural growth of plants the thistle seems powerless to effect a lodgment. Thus it illustrates well the stress of the plants' struggle for existence and the devices which Nature may be forced to adopt to secure the perpetuation of a type. Cross fertilisation being—for reasons which have never been properly stated, but which would be over-lengthy to explain here—necessary to every kind of plant that aspires to prosper and multiply, the creeping thistle, which covers large patches of ground with the growth from one individual, has been obliged to become unisexual, because otherwise the insects, wandering about the patch, would always be fertilising the flowers with what was practically their own pollen, although it came from a neighbouring stem. Having become unisexual, it was necessary that the insects should be induced to visit the patch of male flowers first; and to this end the male flower has become more conspicuous than the female. And then, after all this trouble, we find that not one in a million of the seeds is able to find foothold in the field where its parents grow. But here again Nature rises to the occasion, and in the feathery plumes on which thistle seed travels with the wind has furnished the means whereby the thistle finds openings in life for its progress elsewhere, just as we send our surplus sons who cannot make a living at home to establish colonies in distant lands. There is a great deal of humanity in weeds. E. K. J.

SOME AMERICAN REPTILES.

THE southern portion of the American continent is rich in reptiles, and especially so as regards tortoises and turtles; indeed, the entire world cannot produce a greater variety of the two latter than inhabit America and its adjacent islands. The little terrapin provides one of the most luxurious dishes of the States, but has been hunted down until so reduced in numbers that terrapin farming has become a profitable business. In Florida, where these pictures were taken, the terrapin, one of the prettiest of tortoises, is still fairly abundant, and may, when occasionally cut off from the sea, be seen hurrying, with surprising agility, towards the protecting water.

The commonest tortoise of Florida is known as the gopher, an evil-smelling, coarse, and sluggish creature, comparing unfavourably at every point with the handsome little terrapin. The gopher never takes a voluntary bath, and would quickly drown in deep water. It lies in holes of its own making, burrowed deep into the soft shell soil, among palms and tangled undergrowth, surrounded by the deeply-cut trails of venomous rattlesnakes, which attain great dimensions in these parts.

Except for mosquitoes there is not a great deal of life on most of the islands of Western Florida, a few deer, rabbits, and a quantity of nimble racoons, which latter prowl along the shores seeking their food of horse-shoe crabs. These when sighted, if within reach, are quickly hauled from the water, but not without a hard fight, and are drawn into the bush to provide a meal for Mrs. Coon and her pretty family.

Of alligators there are still a good many, but the majority have been killed off for their skins, and but few aged twelve-footers are now to be found. These old veterans have become very cute, and construct such deep caves with so many exits that the ordinary gaff and 18ft. pole fails to reach them. There was one of at least 12ft. which lived in a small pool, in the centre of high palmetto grass, swarming with moccasin snakes. Day after day we tramped among diabolical prickly pears and tangled undergrowth to his cave in the centre of an island to hunt this alligator, increasing the length of our pole and adding a spade to the outfit; but we never succeeded in reaching him, although we always found fresh tracks where his great sides had scooped deep furrows in the soft mud on his way to and from home, until finally he appeared to have vacated his no longer peaceful abode and we lost all clue to his whereabouts.

A large family of little ones we extracted from this pool with a landing-net—horrid, vicious little beasts, which darted at a proffered finger, and gripped it so fiercely as to remain dangling in mid-air, drawing blood with their little pointed teeth. They proved uninteresting pets, and remained always savage.

Many six-footers were hauled from various depths in both dry and wet caves. They opened their cavernous mouths to the fullest extent, growling savagely, and whisked round their wicked

tails; but we had no use for these under-sized reptiles, and permitted them to regain their strongholds.

Many of the islands are inhabited by semi-wild pigs, which, with racoons, contribute in no small degree to the food of alligators. A couple of specimens of these pigs would be a small fortune to the showman, who might advertise them as "The Diving Pigs," for when the fishermen are cleaning their

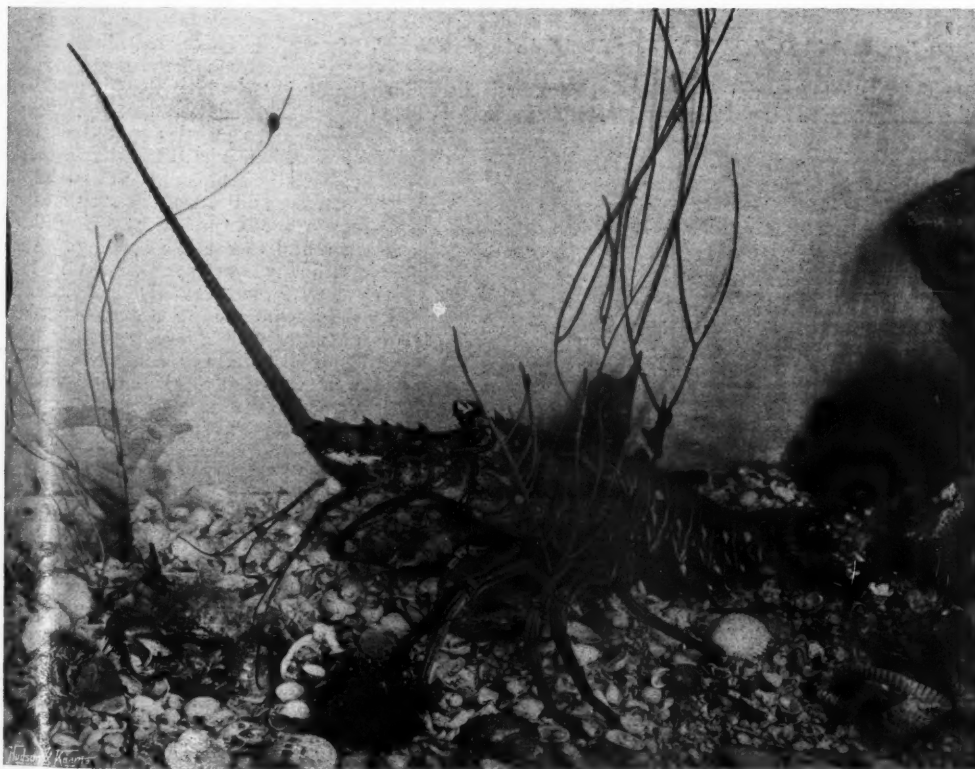


J. Turner-Turner. *TURTLE COMING ASHORE.* Copyright

fish and throw the refuse into the sea the pigs wade out to feed until they are often covered by as much as five feet of water. It is difficult to imagine a pig being able to keep down, but they are remarkably thin, with no buoyant fat about them. They are entirely self-supporting, relying solely upon the natural products of the islands, which must consist principally of fish and snakes.

After a storm many curious and interesting things are to be found in an hour's wandering along an exposed beach. In the first place, the beach is composed almost entirely of shells of many varieties, from the great conch, and its yards of serpentine spawn, scattered everywhere, down to the minutest delicately-tinted little shells imaginable, with here and there large and small pieces of coral and sponges. Sea-urchins, sea-pigeons, snake-like eels, orange-spotted crabs, and strange deep-water fish, which can neither swim nor walk, lie stranded in various spots, all of interest to the lover of Nature, while a peep below the surface of the sea will reveal marvels of beauty and wonder. Down in a deep hole, surrounded by coral on a shell-bestrewn bottom, lies a large crayfish, beautifully marked orange and blue. Close to it are a weed-covered spider-crab and two prickly sea-urchins, also sponges of sorts. All such things get washed up during a storm, and some are never seen except on these occasions.

In May the turtles come ashore at night to lay their eggs above high-water mark deep in the soft sand and shells. When Mrs. Turtle swimming lazily towards shore feels the sand beneath her, she raises her head and looks around to see that the coast is clear; if so, she scrambles over the loose sand to a suitable spot, where, scraping a great hole, she lays one of the three sittings of many eggs, which she carefully covers up to incubate and hatch themselves, retreating to her natural element, satisfied perhaps that she has chosen well and fulfilled her mission unseen. But no sooner has she disappeared than out from the scrub sneaks a crafty little coon who has



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FLORIDA CRAYFISH.

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been an anxious spectator of the whole scene, and night by night he extracts these luscious eggs until the entire batch has disappeared. But then the turtle has still two more sittings to dispose of, and should one of them escape, she will be more fortunate than many of her kind.

Before heartless and foolish women had through vanity sent willing assistance to the destruction of the beautiful egret, those birds were plentiful on many islands. To-day, alas! they are rare; to-morrow they may become extinct, to be quickly followed by the little blue herons and other so-called "millinery" birds, which are brutally murdered by hundreds during their breeding season to deck the hats of those thoughtless women who, as the prize becomes rarer, only clamour the more eagerly for the coveted plume. True, there are a few thinking women, lovers of the beauties of Nature, who are doing their utmost to restrain the majority, but their gentle voices scarce find an echo among those selfish, brainless, peacocking side-shows. Let us draw a veil upon the sad sight of those almost desolate islands which but a while ago teemed with beautiful bird life, represented to-day by the cries of an occasional nestful of starving fledglings wailing the absence of a butchered mother, and return to the deep sea, where exist in innumerable numbers the hundreds of different species of fish common to the Gulf of Mexico. Fishes of all dimensions, from the giant ray, weighing 4,000lb., to the brilliant little angel fish of a few ounces.

Well known are those waters to tarpon fishers, for it is here, to Boca Grande, that they repair for sport, but there is little of novelty in tarpon fishing save to those actually engaged in the fight. Of the many interesting fish of this locality, perhaps none excel in peculiarity of construction, power of leaping, and hideous beauty, the whip rays. One method of capturing these monsters is by harpooning, a by no means uninteresting amusement, nor devoid of skill when practised in deep water and often under unfavourable conditions. First you have to locate their approach, and finally strike your ray squarely and fairly before the fight begins; then you drive him ashore, and lastly admire his ugliness.



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DIVING PIGS.

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And how handsomely ugly he appears, swimming like a great bird, as with slowly flapping pinions he leaps high into the air,

and descends again less clumsily than a pelican! And what a curious tail, like whalebone, 6ft. in length, but no thicker than a small penholder, and armed at the base with many long-pointed darts! Then his skin—how beautifully marked above with white rings upon a dark slate background and milky white beneath! A curious, dolphin-like snout, with small mouth, placed far back in line with the wings, complete the characteristics of this strange fish, of which there are many varieties.

Late in May, with the water at about 75deg., quantities of sharks approach the Florida coast. These great, lithe, graceful fish lie basking on the

surface, or lazily swim about seeking whom they may devour. Nothing comes amiss, from the tarpon fishers' bait to the tarpon itself; even turtles get themselves mauled, but it is doubtful if a shark's powerful teeth could well take the customary nip out of the bone-like shell, and a 200lb. turtle would be rather a mouthful to swallow at a gulp. There are many species of sharks in these waters, from the small leaping mackerel shark to the great hammer-head monstrosity. They constantly prow close inshore, and one day a big one was thus engaged, having fallen a victim to the fascinations of a cur dog seated on the beach, when he was espied by a harpooner, who, quickly seizing his harpoon and line, waded in towards the shark and struck him. There was a mighty splash and a swirl. The man rushed for his boat close by, into which he had only time to fall backwards in order to retain hold of the last 3ft. of his rope. Then willing hands gave the boat a shove, and away they sped, stern first, with the man still on his back, holding on like grim death to the thoroughly scared monster, which hauled that boat stern first quicker than she had ever travelled right way on. Finally after an hour's play, the harpoon gave, and the sportsman enjoyed a long row back.



J. Turner-Turner. LAND TORTOISE, KNOWN AS GOPHER. Copyright



J. Turner-Turner. A SHARK IN HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.

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Much amusement and no small excitement may be obtained by fishing for sharks, and on some occasions they will bite just as quickly as the great hook can be baited and thrown to them. It requires from four to six men to land a really large shark when hooked from the shore, and even then he may get the best of it and decamp with the whole outfit. What a real brute he looks dragged up on the shore, where all his worst qualities are apparent, the gaping mouth, strongly

armed with rows of sharp-edged, conical, cruel-looking teeth, all turned inwards, clearly demonstrating with what ease a human being could be torn to shreds and the impossibility of ever again extracting a limb which had once found its way between the jaws. Sharks weighing 300lb. are sometimes landed on tarpon rods, but usually the fisher, as soon as he discovers what he has got, breaks, rather than be bothered with such trash.

J. TURNER-TURNER.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IN July the same thing happens to me every year—I am indeed and possessed by the dream of holiday. To keep house (amid a fire of pertinent criticism) means work, even if I did nothing else, and in point of fact I do a good many other things. Brought up abroad, we none of us have the gift of public work which is such a startling feature of English women to-day. I don't know why that is—I am prepared to suppose laziness or selfishness; but how we came, all three of us, by this particular form of laziness or selfishness I can't explain. The girls round about do such innumerable things for other people—we never seem to do anything; yet I don't believe that, meeting us, people find us particularly horrid. During the war Esmeralda, who can do anything well that she wants to do, became the secretary to our Soldiers' Families Fund, but that was merely to save the public reputation of the Countess, which was on the way to be gravely compromised by her having supplied three layettes to the new-born babies of one woman inside of ten months. This woman was, in turn, the wife of a lance-corporal in the Northumberland Fusiliers (shut up in Ladysmith); the widow of a gallant Coldstreamer (shot at Magersfontein); and again, with an even more attractive baby—though in each case the baby was well chosen—the wife of one of Plumer's heroes who was endeavouring to relieve Mafeking.

Each time the Countess, who is full of vague kindness mingled with a highly-defined indifference, took a deep interest in the case, and never recognised the woman. When it was felt that this, if it came out, might discredit our neighbourhood and check charitable impulse, people begged Esmeralda to step forward and take the post, and for two months, and until Mrs. Ivimey (who now runs all the Countess's good works) took the thing over, she did. Esmeralda can't spell English at all, except very well phonetically; but she kept the books splendidly, and was a great success. I mention this as it is the one occasion on which any of us has betrayed the smallest ability in public work. If I didn't like gardens, Betty adore sport, and Esmeralda hunt so well, we should really be outcasts in our neighbourhood, owing to this strange lack of instinct for outside philanthropic work.

Father thinks we ought not to be blamed; we were raised among civilisations so exceedingly far back in their ethical development that nobody could have tinkered at corners of them as one can in England. English civilisation lends itself to tinkering; it is just far enough on for one to see places where honest private effort can improve it. Now, nobody could take that view of Servia.

Still, there is inside work, and we all do that, and so we all like and take holidays. Esmeralda goes to Homburg with Aunt Pleydell, and wears the loveliest clothes. Betty waits patiently for the shooting season, and in July spends a couple of days a week at Lancaster's grounds practising at clay pigeons. The amiable Highlander who loads for her finds her an excellent pupil, and she gets a great deal of pleasure out of it. When at home she pots the youthful rabbit in our coverts, which (does everybody know this?) when spread-eagled and fried or sautéed, makes such an excellent luncheon dish—one that nobody would ever suspect to contain anything so nauseous as the average oniony rabbit of the English cuisine.

My holiday is different. I ride. Yes, in July, alone, by leafy ways and upon the green side-tracks of turnpikes. We were all brought up to ride, but in the parts of the world we inhabited we never could be allowed to ride alone; always in groups we went, and with servants. Sometimes, when the excursion was to the mountains, we had a small posse of soldiers to embarrass our movements! What a delight to be in England, where even Father, who is so unmodern about things, sees no harm in my going off for a week or ten days with nothing but my horse for company.

This road-riding is a special thing. To like it, you have to be quite at ease with your own temperament, and you have to love dreaming. I think also you must be wholly without that sense of superiority to all other created things which began in the Garden of Eden and has flourished in and out of every other sort of garden ever since. I am always interested in the certainty people seem to have that man is the best thing God ever did. I never feel certain of it myself. The most elaborate, perhaps—but why the best? Is it absolutely inevitable that the most complex of created things is (a) the Creator's best work or

(b) even His favourite work? You don't find this attitude among other creators—artists who paint pictures, writers who make books, poets who weave poems. The object they have put the most work into; that has got "the most things to it"; that has absorbed the largest amount of thought and ingenuity, is very seldom their favourite creation. They like, usually, some little thing they threw off earlier in their career, when they were very fresh and hopeful, had most faith and zest, had not had time to see how badly a lot of the other things were going to turn out. What they do last of all, when *their craft, no doubt, is at its height*, but they themselves, at the summit of achievement, possibly tired of creating, is seldom their best and not often their most-loved handiwork. It seems quite likely—to my mind—that God may take greater joy in some smaller, earlier effort that has cost much less trouble and has had less inherent tendency to be a failure than man—for instance, a skylark.

As a creation, a skylark seems to fill one's idea of perfection a good deal better than a human being—even at his or her utter best. It hasn't so many things to it, certainly, but there is much less margin of error in its workings.

Embroidering the blue of heaven with his gold thread of song, a skylark is always a skylark; but the most passionate lover of his kind will not wish me to declare that a man is always a man. Where are we to look for man's invincible superiority to other creatures? It is not in beauty that he can point to his high record. Out of a hundred men you might watch going through a doorway, the percentage of beautiful ones would be very low, and the beautiful ones would be most likely to fail in some other necessary attributes. (This is a flaw not seen in animals; the most beautiful among horses are equally to be called "the best" horses.) It is not in strength. Physically we are very weak for our size. At a trial of weight-lifting, weight for weight, against the ant, we should be nowhere. We can build a city and a house, but, considering our more manifold gifts, there is nothing in this to put us above the bee or the trap-door spider. In our diplomacy, our handling of each other, we cannot match ourselves with other creatures, because we are so ignorant that we know almost nothing of the diplomacy of animals or insects. Most people would say animals use no diplomacy or politics with each other; if that is so, it is evidence of a higher civilisation—where conditions are so simplified and understanding so refined that these cumbrous engines can be disregarded.

There does not seem to be much left except "the soul" to discuss. Our impudent (but common) conclusion that we have a soul and the creatures haven't may be dismissed straightway. I've once listened to the Archdeacon on the subject, and that was final. Ordinarily, he is a broad-minded and a clever man, but here, putting on the expression of a serious gate-post, he became merely impious. I suppose the manifestation of love is where I shall be told to look for evidences of soul; I mean unselfish love. The noise man is accustomed to make about any little evidence of unselfish love is deafening! When a cat rears a litter of puppies along with her own kittens does she draw attention to it in any way? Yet a dog and cat are supposed to be natural enemies. When we do anything for our natural enemies the very welkin rings with our praise of it, and Society sneezes rapturously with the incense we offer to ourselves.

Well, then, it is in poetry of the highest kind, perhaps, that man's soul is to be found displaying itself. Man has the gift of noticing the objects round him, of thinking thoughts about them; how far the other creatures notice man, or each other, is open to speculation; also, how far they think thoughts. There may exist the difference between their thoughts and ours that exists between an electric constellation on a ceiling and a stearine candle in a sconce; but both are light equally and some people still prefer the candles.

Or is it in music? I wish I could quote accurately the enchanting fable Ambrose Bierce made about the frog and the nightingale: "Mother," said a young frog, "how hideous is the croaking of yonder nightingale!" "Be silent, my son, and remember that the Great Frog who made us all has so ordered it that the nightingale's croaking is as delightful to him as our singing is to us." But speech—the Archdeacon would tell me—man has the gift of speech. Animals have not the gift of speech. *There's* an astonishing piece of nonsense. We admit the gift of speech in animals when we have pigs calling

for supper, or the low, gurgling whinny of the horse when he hears the groom busy with the lid of the corn-bin. Horses call to each other across the meadow, dog calls to dog when he is on the trail of scuttering rabbits. Nobody denies this, so it comes to this, that animals *do* speak, and we, dense as we are, understand some things they say. We understand *less* of what they say than they understand of what we say. The plough-horse, in his way, is an excellent linguist. I grant that animals neither spell, write, nor chatter, but it is preposterous to contend that they do not speak. Rooks, as I ventured to remind the Archdeacon, certainly preach—and all the other rooks go punctually to church!

If you once dispossess yourself of the idea that you, man, are of such sounding moment and the other fellow-creatures nowhere, you get (and here is why I put down these ramblings of the mind at all)—you get the real sense of joy in country life. I attach no particular importance to these ideas, even should they be original, except in so far as they make the secret basis of my own happiness—a secret it would be selfish to keep.

As I ride alone, at that season of the year when the largest number of creatures are in voice and talking, I realise that I am only one little crawling thing upon the globe, and yet the happy sister of all the others. That frightful patronage which even so-called animal lovers evince has, I thank God, no place in my thoughts. The people who only like dogs “in their place”—by which they mean in floor draughts, cold kennels, or concrete dog-houses—can never know the warm glow of equality with the rest of created things that would always make the world lovely and desirable and full of friends for me if every soul I know were dead.

Amongst the fine-eared folk who, I feel sure, must share this sense of kinships with me, I hear of a man who has detected “an unaccountable cricking sound,” and is searching for its author. He has good ground for thinking that it is the voice of the voyaging newt which is known to have machinery within to make some simple note, but whose music, so far, no ear has differentiated from the illimitable chorus of speech and song.

The noise of a horse's walking foot-fall scares nothing, and I come upon all sorts of scenes as I pass along; creatures, with the mask of fear that man

occasions laid aside, living out their little instincts with perhaps more than my appreciation of sun and wind and shadow.

Ah, what a world it is, and how lovely to keep holiday in loud July!

GUILD & MOTE HALLS.

WHERE public business had to be done, our old English habit of making speeches always demanded an audience, either of outsiders or of a good number of colleagues. Consequently, a special meeting, or “mote,” hall was almost a necessity for people not content to air their oratory in their own or their neighbours' parlours. Sometimes these “mote” halls were halls of justice, such as that at Lyndhurst in the New Forest, or in the pretty little so-called “Hunting Lodge” at Chingford, where the Swainmote and other forest courts were held, and which is now the museum of the Essex Field Club. But most were genuine municipal buildings, of which, perhaps, one of the smallest and most interesting is the Mote Hall at Aldeburgh in Suffolk. It used once to be in the middle of the town; but the sea has washed all that was between it and the mote hall away, and the latter now stands sentinel alone by the sea. A far more important and older mote hall, built originally for the meetings of the town representatives, and one of the very oldest made for this purpose in England, is the Tol House at Yarmouth. It is now used as a public library, but was a mote hall until a very recent date, when prisoners were kept in its dungeon-like cells, which Mr. Walter Rye, in his admirable history of Norfolk, declares to have

been “some of the vilest holes in which human beings were ever left to rot.” Until quite recently these were used not only for criminals, but even for prisoners for debt, who were confined in a place designed for the purpose in the thirteenth century, when a prison was only another name for a dungeon. The upper chamber is approached from outside by a stone staircase. At the top is a landing with a balcony of stone, lighted by an Early English window. This outside staircase saved space in the interior. A very good Renaissance entablature and coat of arms of the city enriches the front of the building, showing that in the early eighteenth century the citizens were proud of their Tol House. “Toll House” was the meaning of the words, probably because the dues to be paid were either fixed at the meetings or “settled” in the other sense by the payees. The same name is kept for the little town hall at Burford in Oxfordshire.

The name “guild hall” is so commonly given to what is now the town hall, that its original meaning seems to be clean forgotten. Our great City companies, which are almost the only “guilds” now surviving, are never spoken of under that name, and we call their magnificent Guild Halls by the name of the “company,” the Mercers' Hall, Fishmongers' Hall, and so on. The very name of guild seems to have been abandoned after the proscription and persecution which they underwent by the greedy hypocrites who “ran” the political part of the English Reformation in the days of Edward VI. The council, remembering the good times of the confiscation of the monasteries, saw with chagrin that Henry VIII. had made such a clean sweep of all church property that there was not enough left to pay the cost even of advertising a sale. Then someone rather more sharp-set than the rest remembered the guilds. They were not rich as

a rule, but they had their halls, and sometimes an endowment, though most of the cash came from the members' subscriptions. It was also remembered as a useful item against them that part of the money they spent was laid out in masses for the dead members. So only the London guilds, which were rich and strong, were let alone, and flourish still as the City companies. Formerly rural England was full of these guilds wherever there was a

decent-sized town, or what we should consider a very small one. In Norfolk alone there were 909 guilds! But Norfolk was a rich county, full of cloth weavers. In the town of Bodmin there were forty-eight guilds. There were guilds of the children, who then started early on the lines which everyone thought were correct if you were going to be a social success in a mediæval town. They were at once benefit clubs, social clubs, and soul insurance societies. The latter part of the business was carried out by piously burning wax candles before a certain shrine or shrines; fines on members being levied partly in wax, for misbehaving, being bad-tempered, or not carrying their liquor in a genteel way, and by paying for masses to get them earlier out of purgatory.

The Act of Parliament passed by the Reformers to grab all the money and sell up the guild halls, where the members met to eat and drink, was so complete that nothing has ever taken the place of the guilds in social life. Benefit clubs, with their dinner once a year, are a mere echo, very faint and insipid. The number of the guilds explains the number of old buildings still called guild halls, and also the very modest character of many of them, for many were quite insignificant, though the members no doubt thought them very select.

At Lynn in Norfolk the splendid hall of a very rich guild, called the “Trinity” Merchants' Guild, is now used as the town hall. Its front was added to by a fine Palladian door, and two coats of arms one above the other; but there were probably a number of other guild halls there belonging to smaller clubs. Their story was carefully gathered up by the eminent Norfolk antiquary quoted, from a study of documents made out by order of the Government in the reign of Richard II. At Lynn was, and still remains, a typical example of a mediæval trading



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THE MOTE HALL, ALDEBURGH.

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town, and has more remains of the old buildings, including chapels, and until lately gates, than most, this faint echo of the dining, the talking, and the church-going of the Lynn guilds is not a little interesting. Besides the small guild of the Trinity merchants, there was a shipman's or sailor's guild, one of St. George the Martyr, of the Holy Cross, of St. Anthony, of St. Lawrence, of St. George, of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of St. Leonard, of St. Peter, and one of the children or "Young Scholars," who gave relief to poor members four times a year. A tip every quarter from the other boys must have been rather a pleasant surprise for one who had little pocket money. The members of some of these guilds made up a purse if a fellow-member had losses by sea, or by fire, or "happened an accident," as they say in Yorkshire. They kept a number of big wax candles burning before the shrine of their particular saint, and went in procession to church in their best clothes. They were very particular about this. If a member was ill, sometimes



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BOSTON TOWN HALL.

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even if he was in prison, they visited him. If he died they gave him a handsome funeral and a decent burial, at which they attended in their livery hoods. "If a man die within a mile, and have nought to bring him to the earth, the alderman of the guild and the brethren should go and bring the body at their own cost. If more than three miles the alderman might hire persons to fetch the body, probably on a bier or on a cart."

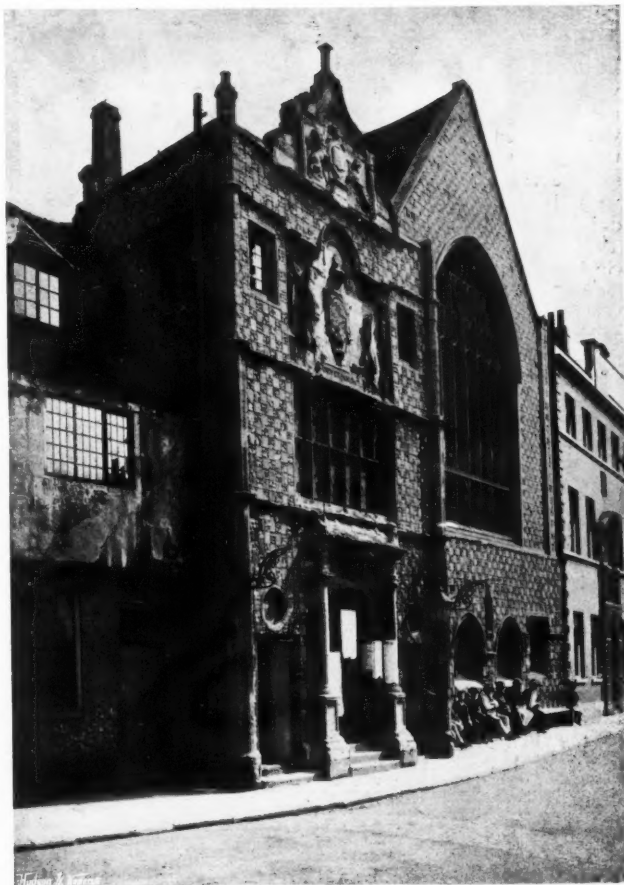
What a thousand pities it was that clubs of this kind were crushed and plundered will be plain to every reader. The hypocrisy of the whole thing is the most odious part of it. The



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CELLS IN BOSTON TOWN HALL.

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Valentine.

TOWN HALL AT KING'S LYNN.

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"feasts" were not, as a rule, anything to provoke envy in the great, and the members paid for them out of their own pockets mainly or entirely. In the fine hall of the Holy Trinity, alone of the Lynn guilds whose rules were examined by Mr. Rye, was wine drunk. All the rest had beer, plenty of it, too, "so long as it lasted," as the rules of the club quaintly state. There is, however, in the great church of Lynn the finest pair of brasses in all England, and one of these represents a really sumptuous feast of a guild. It is called the "Peacock Brass," and represents a peacock feast, probably at the guild of which the person to whose memory the brass was set up belonged.

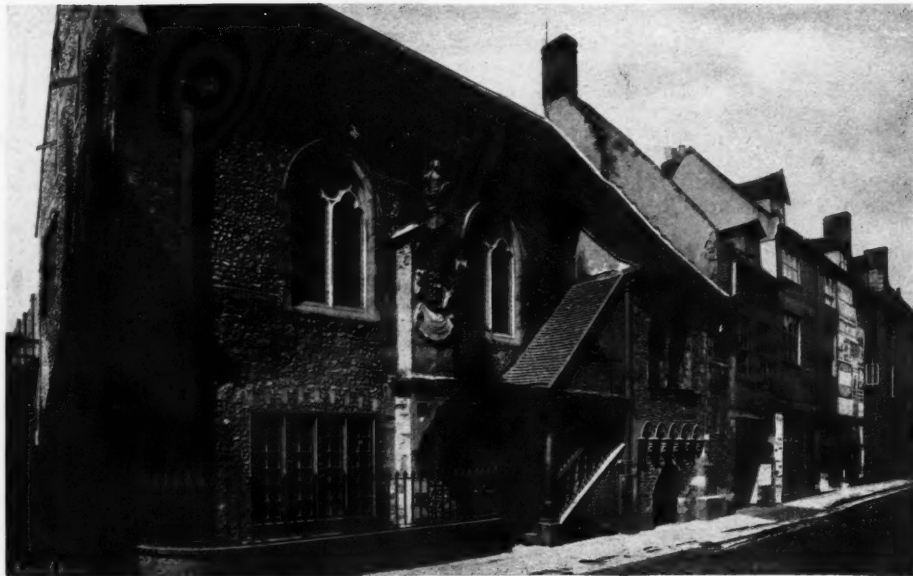
The business of the society was transacted in the morning in the Guild Hall, members were elected, accounts put in, those who did not attend were fined, officers chosen, subscriptions taken, and the guild rules read over. Then the table was laid. Mr. Rye imagines from the penalties attached to anyone who improperly entered the ale chamber, and the stress laid on the quantum of ale, that originally there was a great deal of drinking to very little eating. The

proceedings began by lighting up the guild candles and saying grace. They must have been pretty convivial later, for the alderman was allowed two gallons of ale and the stewards a gallon. "Absent friends were not forgotten, and any brother or sister away, either through illness or 'on a pilgrimage,' had a gallon of ale set by for him or her." If anyone was cross or made a noise, or fell asleep over his ale, he was fined. Propriety was strictly enforced,

and charity and religion went hand in hand with social enjoyment. Prayers were ordered by the guild to be said every day "as long as drink lasted." They "kept Christmas," in fact, not once a year, but as often as they had the funds. In the Guild Hall of St. Mary's, Boston, a fine old building, though not so good architecturally as the Holy Trinity at Lynn, there was no lack of good furniture. In an inventory made of its contents are:

"A hanging at the dais 11 yards long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Another 'stained' hanging containing in length $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and in deepness $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards." In this hall there were, in 1534, eight tables on the north side of the hall, seven on the south, twelve benches by the tables, and three tables and three forms in the "Chapel Chamber." There was also a smaller table, covered with parchment, and probably used for prayers to be read at, "noted with Antems of Our Lady, with 3 collects." To sum up, rural England and the county towns have an account against the so-called "reformers" of Edward VI.'s reign which can never be settled. His rapacious father took away the Abbey lands, which gave relief and comfort to the very poor; the men behind the son took away the more precious gift of organised self-help existing in the guilds; the daughter, Elizabeth, had to raise the poor-rate, and now fifteen millions a year are spent on a class who, with the destruction of the guilds, were thoroughly discouraged from being provident.

C. J. CORNISH.



J. Valentine & Sons.

THE TOL HOUSE, YARMOUTH.

Copyright

WOODPECKERS.

IN the merry green woods of England no bird sounds a wilder or more characteristic note than the green woodpecker, or yaffle. From very early spring to late summer its ringing cry, like the laugh of a maniac, is shouted from the tree-tops, and occasionally it is heard even in autumn and winter. The history of its energetic courtship and its sequel is of corresponding interest. Early in the year, when the first green glistening haze is spreading over beech and hornbeam, the labours of the bird are begun. In seeking for a new-made hole one is guided by the chips scattered at the base of the tree, as if some carpenter had been at work. Mr. Metcalfe, who took these excellent photographs, has been so kind as to communicate some of his notes to us, and he says: "I once stood within two yards of a hole in a solid ash tree while a green woodpecker was at work chipping the hole, which I found on measuring was nearly two feet deep. What puzzles me was the way the bird got rid of the chips from the bottom of the hole, as they were sent out with considerable force and in large quantities, far more than she could hold in her bill. The only conclusion I could come to was that she used her stiff tail as a shovel, and, creeping up inside the hole opposite to the entrance, gave her tail a jerk and shook her



Metcalfe.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

Copyright

load of chips through the mouth of the hole. Can anyone suggest a different mode of getting rid of the chips?"

It has been said that the yaffle knows by some mysterious instinct when a tree is hollow inside, but this is not so. Mr. Metcalfe says this tree was solid; and in seeking a nest convenient for opening the writer has found many examples of operations begun in hard solid oak that eventually proved unworkable. The bird after laboriously excavating

to the depth of a few inches has given up the job. Yaffles are extremely numerous near me, and their holes easy to find, but the majority are so high up that a ladder would be required to reach them. Now and again, however, one is found within a few feet of the ground and offers an opportunity of obtaining a clutch of eggs. This occurred not long ago, and I was at some trouble to get them for the benefit of a young friend who is making a study of the variations in egg colours. With a strong chisel and a mallet an opening was made about 12 in. below the mouth of the hole, but it proved useless. A very youthful assistant naturalist of six, who had been a very keen observer of the proceedings, could not get his tiny hand and wrist down to the nest. Measuring with a twig, we eventually located it some 18 in. lower, and after half-an-hour's hard joinery work a new opening was formed. To our great surprise then, and only then, was a brilliantly coloured neck thrust out of the hole and immediately drawn in again. During all the hammering and talking the resolute mother had stuck bravely to her fortress, and even now she deserted it with great reluctance, making the air resound with shrieks as her green and yellow body corkscrewed a course under the wet boughs. Her distress softened the heart of the smaller robber; but science is relentless, and the creamy white, hard polished eggs were removed. Unlike the starling and the jackdaw, the woodpecker carries no material into her crevice, but lays her eggs on the bare wood. The disturbed mother caused the air to ring with harsh loud cries very different from the laugh of her mate. Over and over again her flashing

crimson feathers were seen as she darted round the place where we stood. Luckily the sorrows of birds are very fleeting, and before many days had passed fresh chips at the root of a beech tree showed that the work of nest-making had recommenced.

The nest of which Mr. Metcalfe got his photographs was very low down, only two feet and a-half from the ground. It was in an old birch stump. The green woodpecker usually lays five or six eggs. Mr. Metcalfe says he only once found eight. He adds the following interesting note on the manner of feeding: "The green woodpecker never came to the nesting-hole with food actually in her bill. As soon as a young one put its head out of the hole, the old bird would throw her head back and make certain jerky movements, as if about to vomit, which, indeed, she did, bringing up into her bill as much food as it would hold. Then she literally jammed it down the throat of the young bird. This operation was repeated three or four times till the young one was satisfied. She came to feed once every half-hour. While feeding

went on the young bird was very noisy. I spoiled the last plate exposed. The bird saw me for the first time, and what a row she made as she sat on the top of the stump warning her young of some lurking danger. They seemed to understand, for not a head appeared at the hole to be fed, and when she cautiously lowered herself to the hole it was not to feed them, but to tell them by several sharp picks to lie down, which they did. Then, continuing to scold me, she flew away, but not far, and only came back when I packed up and withdrew from my hiding-place. The most unpleasant part of watching in such a cramped position was the number of adders. One glided past my face only eighteen inches away, and a nasty creeping sensation it produced." This is a bit of experience one does not envy the photographer, but the work in itself must have been extremely interesting, and all the more so for necessitating such close and careful observation.

The great spotted woodpecker is neither so common nor so conspicuous as his green relative. He confines his search for food largely to the higher branches of trees, and escapes notice the more easily because of his not being so richly coloured. He does not indulge in the loud call of the other, but produces a kind of what he no doubt thinks low music by drumming on a branch with his beak. As will be seen from the photographs, the mother carries food to the young in her bill. "I think,"



T. A. Metcalfe. YAFFLE AT MEAL TIME. Copyright

says Mr. Metcalfe, "it consisted mainly of caterpillars and flies. When she flew to the tree to feed her young she always came down the trunk tail first, and when level with the nesting-hole she would creep round till she was just below it, and then one of the young would climb up to the mouth of the hole to be fed. She gave all the food to one in about four feeds, and then flew away, and came back every twenty minutes, when she would feed another, and so on all day. The young kept on chirping unceasingly all day. The nest was placed in an oak, and the hole appeared to be bored into the solid wood. It was only four and a-half feet from the ground. The great spotted woodpecker lays five large fine eggs, white, highly polished, and about the size of those of a dipper." Only those who have themselves tried to penetrate the secrets of the woodlands will be able fully to appreciate the skill and care and patience exacted to obtain these photographs. Even the green woodpecker, common in comparison as it is, cannot be called a familiar bird. Many people are unaware that any creature so brilliantly coloured is to be found in English woods and plantations. There is something almost foreign in its appearance. But to get so near these shy woodlanders and to be able to catch photographs of them in the performance of their most intimate domestic



T. A. Metcalfe. IN AN OLD BIRCH STUMP. Copyright

duties, is a feat worthy to be proud of. To those unable to explore the leafy recesses for themselves the result must come home as a revelation of what somebody has called the winged is and moving blossom of the air, and the manner in which it supported and continued under the greenwood tree. P. A. G.



Metcalfe. A HARD-WORKED PARENT. Copyright



MIDWAY between Dunbar and North Berwick, embowered in magnificent woods of ancient beech and fir, which sweep down to the edge of the waters of the Firth of Forth, stands Tynninghame, one of the beautiful seats of the Earl of Haddington. Standing on the broad southern terrace, the eye is carried across the waving golden cornfields of East Lothian to rest on the purple outline of the romantic Lammermoors, and thence eastward to where the old castle of Dunbar stands boldly out on its rocky promontory, against which the sullen waves of the North Sea incessantly beat. In the middle distance the Tyne winds slowly through the park to the sea, while in the foreground the attention is arrested by two magnificent Norman arches, the sole remains of the ancient church of Tynninghame, where, under the shade of the lilac trees, the Earls of Haddington lie buried.

Let us leave the house for a time and turn our steps down the great eastern avenue of beeches. A mile or less of soft green sward and we are on the beach, which here sweeps in a succession of graceful curves of yellow sand to the rocky headland of Whitberry, forming a charmingly-sheltered bay in which the pines and silver buckthorn which crowd right down to the water's edge

form a delightful contrast, and make up a scene more reminiscent of southern climes than of the inhospitable east coast of Scotland. Leaving the beautiful Fir Links Wood and its cherished heronry on our right, we may either follow the sandy curves of the bay, or, taking a short cut, plunge through the scented pine woods till we emerge at Whitberry Point. From here a magnificent panorama extends itself. At our feet lies the picturesque stack of rocks known as St. Baldred's Cradle, in the dark, stormy winter-time an angry seething cauldron in whose chasm the great breakers burst with a roar of thunder, flinging the foam a hundred feet in the air. To-day peaceful enough, with a pebbly rippling accompaniment to the wild cries of the black-headed terns, which circle over our heads, and the flock of oyster-catchers which dart off the rocks at our approach. Westward we can just distinguish the dim outline of the Kingdom of Fife, and nearer, on the coast-line, Tantallon Castle and the ruined chapel of Auldham, while between us and the great looming Bass Rock the countless hovering black and white specks, which ever and anon fall like bolts into the sea, throwing up tiny splashes of foam, tell us that the gannets are out fishing and that the sport is apparently good.

Truly an ideal home, and one fraught with the memories





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WALLED GARDEN.

Copyright

and romance of much strange ancient history, in which Vikings, Danes, and Normans have played their part, not always to the advantage of these much-harried lands. For in the year 941 the Danes came down on the Lothians, burned the village of Tynninghame, and destroyed the church, founded three centuries before by the pious St. Baldred of the Bass, an early Christian teacher in East Lothian, of whom many legends are still extant, and after whom many spots are still named, as, for instance, St. Baldred's Cradle afore-mentioned. Tynninghame is mentioned in the earliest known Scottish charter extant, that of King Duncan, dated 1094, in which the King gives "in alms to Saint Cuthbert and his servants Tynninghame, Auldham, Scoughall, etc." "and this I have given for myself and for the soul of my father, for my brothers, for my wife, and for my children, etc." In the reign of King Malcolm the Maiden Tynninghame Church enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary, and from the year 1250 for the next three centuries Tynninghame belonged to the See of St. Andrews, whence it appears to have passed successively into the hands of Sir Robert Lauder of the Bass, Mr. Secretary Maitland, and the Regent Murray.

In 1628 Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, then Earl of Melrose, purchased the property from John Murray, Earl of Annandale, and it has since been the principal residence of the Earls of Haddington. The first Earl, who was one of the richest nobles of his day, and an intimate friend of James VI., acquired many other large territorial estates, among them being the Barony of Binning and the Barony of Samuelston.



Copyright

TERRACE GARDEN WITH OLD RAISED STONE BEDS.

"C.L."

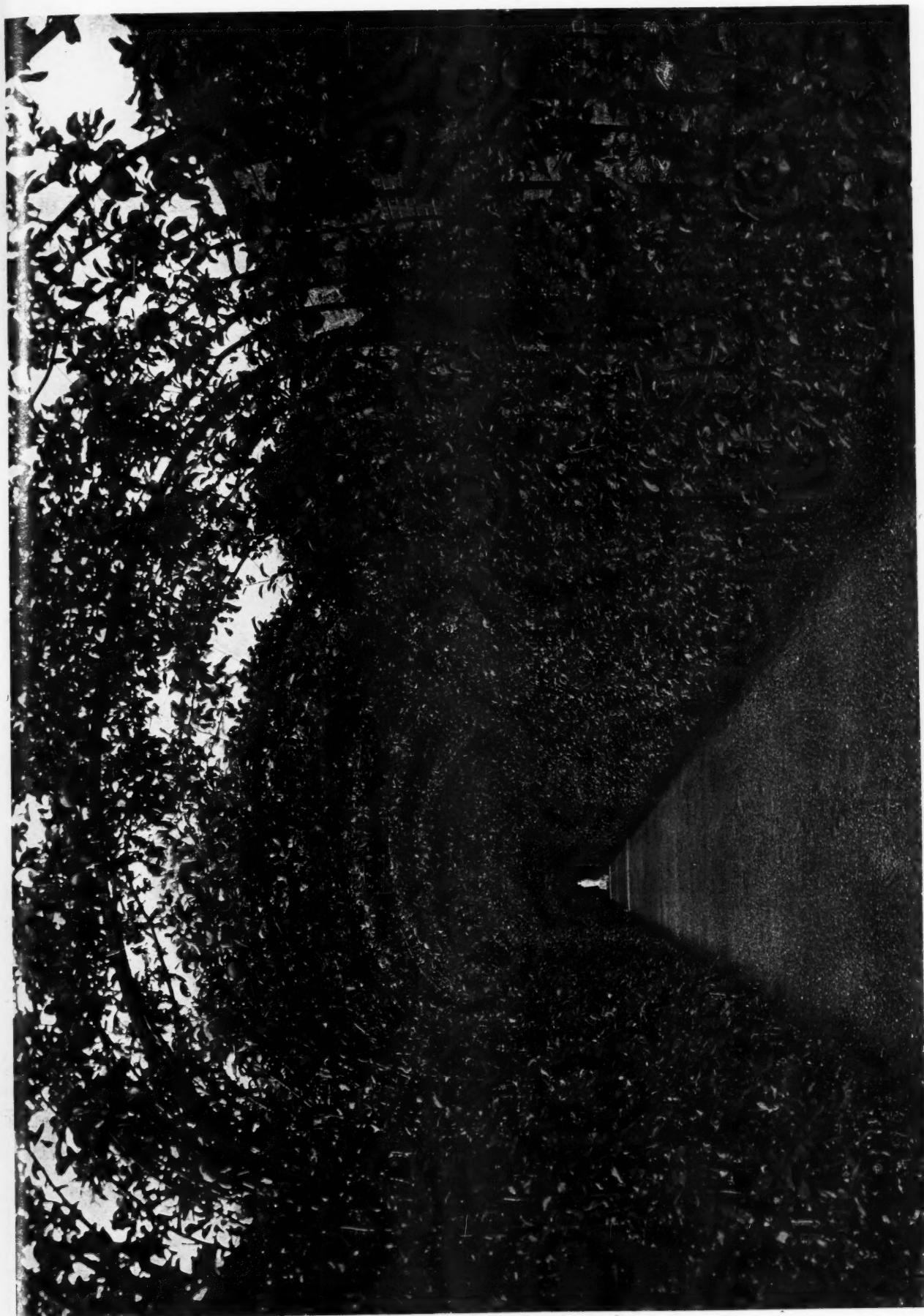
Barnbougle, ancient mansion of the Mowbrays, and Dalmeny were also possessions of this Earl, until sold by him to Sir Archibald Primrose, an ancestor of the Earls of Rosebery, for 160,000 merks. Among many other fine portraits in the house by Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Romney, two possess unusual interest, as having been presented by King James VI. to his friend the first Earl. One is of King James himself, the other of his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, and beneath the King's portrait stands an elaborately-carved cabinet, also presented by him, which contains, among many other interesting relics, a watch which belonged to Queen Mary. The house itself was put in thorough repair by the sixth Earl, the pioneer



Copyright

OLD STONE DOORWAY AND LEADEN FIGURES.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE APPLE WALK.

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A DESCENT FROM THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of forestry in Scotland, and in the time of the eighth Earl was a large commodious mansion of the Scottish type. It was not, however, until 1829 that Mr. William Burn, the architect, was commissioned to make extensive alterations, and the house as it now stands, with its turrets, crow-stepped gables, and wide balconies, is of a warm red-coloured stone, contrasting well with the ivy that covers it in many parts. As shown in the photograph of the south front, it stands well above the beautiful terrace garden, with its curious old stone beds, the whole a blaze of colour during the summer months. The parterre to the east of the house, which unfortunately is not shown, consists of a bold formal design, the large beds of which, filled with summer bedding flowers, and interspersed by old stone vases, the whole backed by giant black Irish yews, form a charming picture from that side of the house. In the centre of it stands a tall sundial of uncommon design, copied in the beginning of 1800 from the original at Newbattle. Leaving the broad terrace by a flight of steps at one end, and turning to the right, we enter, through a small gate, what is termed the Wilderness, a name retained ever since this portion of the grounds was first planned and planted by the sixth Earl. It then presented a very different aspect from its

present one, being laid out in converging avenues. But the fine old bowling green still exists intact, surrounded by deep banks and a yew hedge, which latter has, however, not been planted more than about eleven years. Although the avenues of the original design are barely traceable, the spot still has its charm, more than ever during March and April, when the ground, under the silver-grey beech columns, is one glowing carpet of coloured primroses, ranging through every shade of pink and crimson, down to purest white. They are the true single-stalked primrose, with no strain of polyanthus, and cover the ground completely, save where, here and there, clumps of snow-white poeticus and other narcissi raise their heads above them.

Two main paths, running east and west, intersect the Wilderness, and, following the more northerly of the two, we pass under the great aisles of beech, and through the fine old iron Venetian gate into the cool shadow of the Roman Walk, whose yew trees, marble fauns, and overhanging ilex boughs forcibly recall the villas of Italy, and thence emerge again through a quaint old doorway into the broad sunlight of the old brick-walled garden, surely one of Tynninghame's chiefest attractions. Of late years many improvements have been made here, the



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THE GREEN WALK, LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

principal feature being, perhaps, the wide herbageous border, backed by yew hedges, which runs nearly the whole length of the garden, from where in our illustration the two classical leaden figures are seen gazing down its mass of bloom. It is, of course, during July and August that it reaches the zenith of its beauty, but it is none the less a never-ending delight throughout the whole year, from earliest spring, when the first aconites and

snowdrops, followed by sheets of many-coloured hepaticas, spread themselves in glowing masses over the brown earth, until midwinter, when hellebores of many sorts, bushes of honesty, and winter cherries come to the rescue, to tide us over the dark days (if, indeed, dark days they can be called where reigns an almost perpetual summer) until the glad time when the crocus peeps up again. In the foreground of the picture, beneath a low retaining wall, lies the rose garden, of dainty formal design and high box edgings, planted out lately with teas and hybrid teas, each bed containing a different variety. Following the main path down some steps, we find the garden intersected at intervals by cross paths of trim turf, delightful for the eye to rest on, and cool and refreshing to walk on on a hot afternoon. These paths are a distinctive feature of the garden, and the only wonder is that they are not more commonly seen in England. The first we come to tempts us to linger. On each side runs a rose-covered trellis intersected by equidistant arches of honeysuckle. On the trellis itself, Ayrshire roses, Gloire de Dijon, Cheshunt hybrid, and a dozen other varieties twine and mingle in a



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THE BALCONY STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

charming profusion of bloom. While, in addition to its other attractions, should we wander a few steps up the western path, lured by the scent of sweet briar in the air, we may haply find ourselves in the little old-world garden, presided over by the cut yew peacock, which is dedicated to old-fashioned English flowers, herbs, and the rarer bulbs. Arrived at the central green walks we can rest for a moment in the circle surrounded by

tall Irish yews, cut into formal pyramids, and soothed by the ripple of the fountain, look down the blaze of coloured border to the iron gate, over which the old Florentine stone lion mounts guard, wreathed in vines and Banksian roses, for the yellow Banksian rose, though held a shy bloomer in these Northern latitudes, flowers well here, and thence we arrive at the lower doorway shown in the photograph. This old stone doorway, dated 1666, is said to have been brought from the old mansion house, and placed where it now is, probably at some time when alterations were being carried out.

The pair of Arcadian leaden figures which flank the entrance belong to an early period, probably that of Queen Anne. They are at present covered with many coats of paint, which should be removed to show the fine modelling.

Leaving the garden itself by this gateway, we find ourselves in the apple walk, over a hundred yards long, of which an illustration is given. A charming walk this, whether in spring we wander down a glorious arcade of pink blossom, or in autumn seek its welcome shade, flecked with sunlight touches on the



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A GARDEN WITHIN A GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

clustering golden apples, while all the while at each end stand Ganymede and Flora in whitest marble, calm and passionless, watching the seasons change. In the long western shrub border the arboriculturist will find much to interest him. Most of the well-known shrubs are represented, and among the more tender species which flourish here may be mentioned *Choisya ternata*, *Clerodendron trichotomum*, *Carpenteria californica*, *Nandina domestica*, etc., names which in themselves testify to the extraordinary mildness of the climate.

In the shrubbery to the west of the house *Benthamia fragifera* has flowered profusely this year, and *Garrya elliptica* has for years stood out unharmed in the open, in large bushes of 20ft. or more high, covered yearly with their long graceful catkins.

Limited though our space necessarily is, no account of



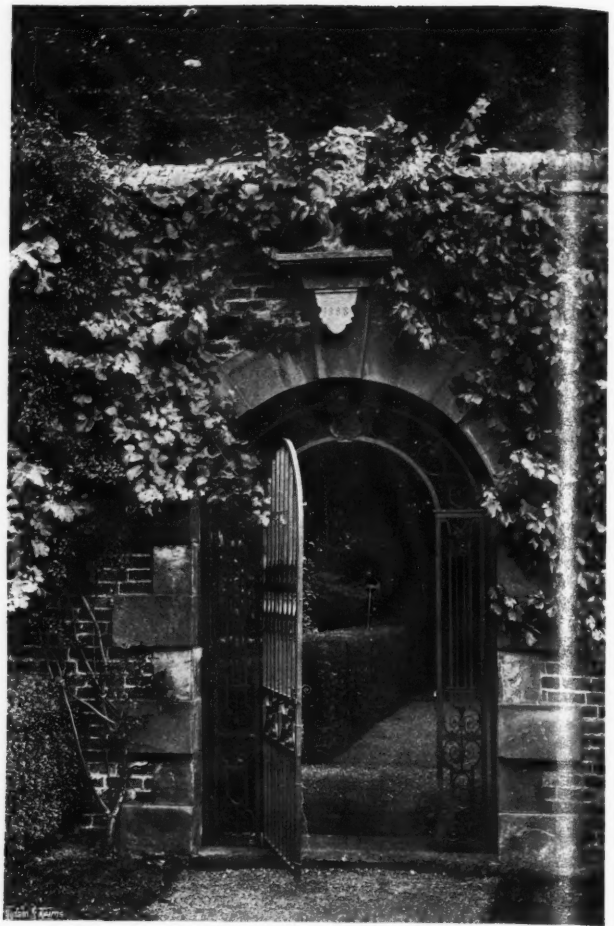
Copyright A BEECH AVENUE. "C.L."

Tynninghame, however brief, could be considered complete without at least a passing reference to the great woods, planted over 200 years ago by the sixth Earl, which form one of its principal attractions, to the holly hedges, long famed in the South of Scotland, or to the Garleton Walk, of rhododendrons of all shades and sorts, including the Himalayan and Sikkim varieties, which runs for a mile or more to the sea.

Recent storms have shattered and played havoc with the great beech avenues. In the storm of 1880 thousands of trees were laid low in the park alone, but enough remain to be still unique and beautiful, and to show the broad bold lines on which the original design



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Copyright A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN GATE. "C.L."

was carried out. We give a photograph of one of the smaller avenues outside the garden. Binning Wood also suffered severely, but still remains one of the finest examples of formal planting on a large scale in Scotland.

IN THE GARDEN.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "At no period of the year are gardens more interesting and beautiful than when flowering trees and shrubs are in flower in profusion—viz., June. There is a freshness about the grass and foliage, upon which the effect of summer sunshine has not yet been felt, and the air is redolent with the odour of sweet-scented flowers. Of late years there has been a growing tendency to plant more flowering trees

and shrubs, and this is to be commended. In many old gardens there is too much that is dark and sombre about the shrubberies and pleasure grounds, and a lack of variety and brightness. For this we may be inclined to quarrel with the tastes of old garden-makers, but we should remember that it was not a question of taste so much as a want of material. We are fortunate in this generation in having many beautiful flowering trees that our forefathers were not in possession of, and this doubtless accounts for their absence in many of the older gardens.

"But in spite of the host of available material, we have to admit that the

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oldest and most common trees are amongst the most beautiful. What could be more charming than the common Laburnum when covered with its clusters of golden yellow blossoms? Nor does it ever seem out of place. In the shrubby garden of the mansion it is beautiful, and also in front of the old-fashioned cottage by the wayside, or by the side of a pool. Why should not woodlands be planted with flowering trees? I am afraid we are inclined to be too one-sided in our views by keeping them so much to the garden proper. They are hardy and accommodating enough, the majority of them, at any rate, and present a happy contrast to the sameness of conifers and forest trees, of which woods are chiefly formed.

"Another beautiful object in early summer is the White Hawthorn. Its flower season is short, but how sweet and beautiful while it lasts! Fields and hedgerows have a special interest when the May blossom is out, and the common Hawthorn is not considered too common for some gardens. In Lord Burton's garden at Rangemore there are several old specimens standing on the lawn. Whether they were planted there or simply allowed to remain when the garden was formed, I do not know, but when in full bloom in the early summer they are amongst the features of the place, which is not wanting in beautiful and interesting objects. Fresh in my mind is the recollection of a walk through the park in Mersham Hatch in Kent, the home of the Knatchbull family. The situation is open, the ground undulating, and here and there in clumps and single specimens are large old Hawthorn trees, which on the day referred to were sheets of bloom, and fully demonstrated the usefulness of these trees for such a situation.

"Speaking of Hawthorn reminds one of the double crimson and pink forms, than which nothing could be more beautiful in garden or woodland. These are amongst the gems of our flowering trees, and one would like to see them grown more outside the precincts of the garden. A friend of mine adopted a good idea which now has a telling effect. When cutting the hedges round his field he left a Thorn standing here and there, and on these he grafted double pink and crimson varieties. The latter have grown up and formed standards above the level of the hedge, where they are highly attractive when in bloom. With the Thorns and the Laburnums we may also mention the Lilacs, which share their flowering season. Rare and still is paid to the old specimens of white and purple, but the Lilac, like the rest of flowers, has undergone some changes. Colours have not altered much, but we have deeper tints and finer flowers amongst the modern varieties which are finding places in most gardens.

"Azaleas and Rhododendrons play no small part in the floral display in the pleasure garden during the early days of June, but they have their likes and dislikes, and to appreciate them fully they must be seen in places where they are at home. In these days of so many beautiful varieties of Rhododendrons, the old Ponticum and other common forms have had to give way, but when represented in large masses they are very beautiful. In my mind's eye I have a picture of Rhododendrons, as represented in early June, in the Earl of Shrewsbury's garden at Alton Towers in Staffordshire. The garden is situated in a valley, the sides of which are clothed with huge clumps of Rhododendrons, and to stand on one of the terraces when the shrubs are in bloom is an experience that one can never forget. There Rhododendron ponticum predominates, but varieties of other colours have been planted from time to time, and these make a pleasant break in the huge masses of purple.

"Away down in South Wales, at the beautiful home of Sir John Llewelyn, both Azaleas and Rhododendrons flourish in profusion, and the collection of these plants is no ordinary one. I have never seen anything more beautiful than the huge bushes of Rhododendrons that skirt the sides of the ornamental lake at Penllengare, covered with large crimson trusses. The orange and yellow tints of

the Azaleas, which seem to grow like weeds in the gardens and woods, present a pleasing contrast.

"In addition to shrubs and trees that flower, I may aptly say a word in conclusion on those with coloured foliage. In few gardens is there any lack of green, but in many a want of colour. Copper Beeches, Golden Elders, and variegated Acers are a few of the coloured-leaved subjects that are attractive in June in the full freshness of their summer garb, and there are many others. It seems to me that the shrubby garden really beautiful is that in which green and other colours in foliage are judiciously blended with variety and brightness in the form of blossom provided by flowering trees and shrubs. There is material enough to select from to give flowers over a long period, but at no time is it more abundant and beautiful than in the early days of June."

SOME RARE OR LITTLE-KNOWN PERENNIALS.

Mertensia primuloides.—This charming new plant is not only the most distinct and beautiful of the Mertensias, but may be classed among the finest and most desirable of hardy alpine plants. The plant is small, growing not more than a few inches in height, and is evergreen, with small leaves, pale or glaucous green, and about 2 in. long. The scapes are not over 2 in. to 3 in. high, and support a terminal cluster of horizontal flowers. The calyx is purplish, while the segments are slightly reflexed, at first deep blue, changing later to purple or violet-purple with deep yellow eye. The flower resembles much more that of a Primula than a Mertensia. The plant is undoubtedly hardy, and is not even injured by early frosts, as, for instance, the well-known old garden plant *Mertensia virginica*, and combines with dwarf neat growth an extraordinarily free habit of flowering. Although at the present time it is still very rare, it will when less scarce be seen in all collections of hardy plants. A partially shady position on the rock garden in loam, or loam and leaf mould, suits it best. At the same time plants in the open border have done almost as well, but they do not seem quite as happy, and, besides, the plants, when seen in the rock garden, are more attractive and look more at home than in a border.

Haberlea rhodopensis.—This, though not quite as showy as the Ramondias, to which it is allied, is in every respect a handsome Alpine. It forms large tufts, and when left undisturbed for a year will grow several feet across. The foliage is evergreen, soft and hairy, forming large rosettes, out of which the stems issue bearing one or more pretty lilac or purplish flowers. There is also a form with pure white flowers. Like Ramondias, they grow best in a fairly moist, shady, but well-drained position.

Iris barnumii (Oncochilus).—One of the most distinct and handsome of this class. In general habit of growth it resembles *Iris iberica*, as well as *atropurpurea*. The leaves are small, only about 4 in. long, and 1/2 in. to 3/4 in. broad; its spathe is usually two flowered, the scape not being over 12 in. to 18 in. in height. The flowers are large, with rich violet standards, veined rich purple or blue, from 2 1/2 in. to 3 in. long and 2 in. broad; the falls are rich violet, furnished near the base with yellow hairs and several close central veins, diverging from the rich purple or black coloured centre, surrounded by a bright magenta shading. It is strongly and deliciously scented. A beautiful species, and as easily grown as the old *Iris susiana*.

Dodecatheon Clevelandii album.—One of the most showy of this genus, greatly resembling the well-known *D. Meadia* as far as foliage and habit are concerned, but the flowers are much larger, with a most beautiful shading of colour. The corolla is large with broad and long segments, either white or white with the faintest tinge of lilac, and a yellow centre surrounded by a broad band of rich brown. The plant grows vigorously, flowering long and freely, and is perfectly hardy in a partially shady position in ordinary not too dry soil.

WILD GOOSE SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE are few birds which offer the same opportunities for sport as the wild goose in California. The season is extremely short in which they can be procured, as they only visit the Alkaline plains in Glen County, at the northern end of the Sacramento valley, for about

six weeks from the beginning of March, April both being apparently fixed as their moving day, after which date they may be counted upon to disappear at any time. The attraction which takes them to this part of the country consists in the pepper grass, on which they feed. It is extremely nourishing, and after their short stay the geese are heavily laden

with fat, and are ready for the long northern journey which has to be taken before arriving at their breeding ground in the Arctic regions. The geese move up country in large flocks, varying from half-a-dozen to two or three hundred. There is a diversity of breeds—the heavy Mexican goose, the white

goose, the Brant, with its curious cry, "P'leu, P'leu," and the grey goose, locally called "speckled belly," and occasionally honkers. As all sportsmen well know, there is not a shier bird to approach than the goose, and great caution has to be exercised to ensure any chance of success while stalking them.

Three men—Abe Crump, Doc Stewart, and Claude Kagee



THE "STOOL," PIT, AND LIVE DECOYS.

by name—have for many years made it their business to take charge of affairs. It will hardly be believed, though such is the case, that these men go through all the hard work and trouble involved entirely for the sake of the sport, without any financial profit, and look upon the excursion in the light of a holiday. In early life they followed the profession of market hunters for San Francisco, and consequently have become extraordinarily expert in imitating the cry of every sort of bird. At the present time they farm ranches situated on the lower waters of the Sacramento River. Spring being the slack time, they are able on the approach of the goose season to take up their quarters in the rough shanties which they have erected in favourable centres. The place chosen this season was at Norman, which commands a beautiful view of the snowy peak of Mount Shasta. Without the assistance of these men it would be impossible for the outsider to get a chance of bagging a single goose, as the preparations resorted to have to be extremely cunning and ingenious, and made with great forethought and skill. The men bring with them a large number of tame decoy birds; these are geese which have been winged and secured during the previous year's sport, and which have lived at their farms during the winter. They are most useful, as will be seen shortly.

Last March, the duck-shooting season being over, I and three friends arranged to spend a few days on the plains. The charge for a party was twelve and a-half dollars per head a day, or fifteen dollars singly. This is wonderfully moderate, considering the following things are included: Board and lodging, transportation to and from the shooting ground, services of an expert caller, to say nothing of unlimited cigars and drinks. On our arrival we found the programme necessitated our rising about four o'clock next morning, it being advisable to arrive on the scene of action before daylight. The Doc and his companions were busy long before we were up preparing the outfit. The live decoys, technically called "stools" (each "stool" consisting of some twenty birds), were driven into large crates. Besides these livestock, we took with us about two hundred dead ones, which had been reserved from the previous shoots. These were largely white geese, being more conspicuous, and thereby

understood that the holes are only used for a few days, after which new ones have to be prepared at a distance, the geese being so wary that they would soon locate the pits if not altered constantly.

Two of our party and Doc Stewart were deposited with the requisite plant at the first holes, while the others were driven to some further pits about a mile away. And now everyone had to work his hardest, for there were many preparations to make before daylight appeared. First a net fence 3ft. high enclosing an area about 30ft. square was erected, the enclosed space always including a portion of a pool of water, which pools are



AWAITING THE WAGGON.

plentiful on the plain. In this yard the tame decoy geese were placed, and it was so arranged that they could walk about at their ease and paddle in the water, of which they took full advantage. Then the dead birds had to be all pegged out, with neck and tail supports, arranged in the most natural attitudes, some having the head resting on the ground as if in the act of grazing. The pits had been excavated some days previously, and were about 2½ ft. across by 3½ ft. deep. Two were placed in front, 50ft. apart, and a third in rear for the caller. The geese are so suspicious that all the earth dug out has to be removed carefully in a waggon, or they would not approach the place.

At the first streak of dawn we climbed down into our retreats, having carefully placed dead geese in all positions around the edges of the holes, and disguised ourselves in clothes the colour of the plain. The position in which we found ourselves was most confined, as we were forced to kneel, supporting the back against the side, and crouching down to be well concealed. The wild birds always come up the wind, so the shooter faces the direction of their flight.

And now the exciting time began. Far in the distance, over the flat plain, would be seen a little line above the horizon, which soon developed into the wedge-like formation so well known to the shooter of wildfowl. Your heart beats fast as the welcome cry which signals the advent of the geese is given by one of the party first perceiving them, "Lead in the north," or the south, as the case may be. Motionless we

crouch in our hiding-places as the flock sails towards us. Nearer and nearer they come until within half a mile of our quarters, and then the caller lifts up his voice and loudly reproduces the cry of the approaching birds. This requires great skill, as he must be able to distinguish at once the particular variety of geese comprising the flock, and if a single tone of his cry (acquired only by long practice and infinite patience) is not exactly right their suspicions are aroused, and away they sweep never to return that day. "Quar, quar!" he cries, as a flock of big Mexicans circle round, drawing nearer at each turn. And now the caller alters his note, and apparently holds animated conversation with



THE TWO DAYS' BAG.

attracting the attention of their suspicious relatives from a distance.

It was a cold, mysterious drive in the pitch dark across the flat dreary plain, the only sound which broke the gloomy silence being the squawking of the decoy geese on board our heavy waggon drawn by a four-horse team, and the shrieks of their wild *confrères* invisible to us. Not a landmark of any sort gave the least indication to our untrained senses of the vicinity of the holes which were our destination. It seemed nothing less than miraculous that we arrived safely after three-quarters of an hour's journey, the feat being still more wonderful when it is

them in quite a different tone, when immediately below them the decoys come into action and answer the wild birds with many cries. The tame geese are wonderfully well trained, and know just what is expected of them. I was much amused, on one occasion, at the indignation of the caller who hurled a stone, when the circling flock were turned from us, with great energy—and caution—at one of the birds whom he considered was not doing its duty, with a "Get up there, Tommy!" and Thomas promptly awoke to his responsibilities, and squawked with renewed vigour.

The flock on hearing the answering calls come up wind, and with due caution swoop down towards the stocks. We breathlessly await the word of command. "Punch 'em!" shouts the caller, as they come within range, and we speedily raise ourselves upright on our knees, each selecting the bird nearest his side and let fly. "Bang!" and thud come the heavy bodies to right and left, the ground almost shaking with their fall. I have seen a big Mexican goose split right down the breast from the force of the impact.

The geese on perceiving the shooter ascend with great speed, and good judgment must be used in placing the shot, as unless it be well centred, being such strong birds, they are capable of carrying off a lot of lead. Immediately the flock disappears into the distance we hastily leave our pits and prop up the slain in a sitting posture, with a stick supporting the head under the beak. This distinction in the position between fresh and old birds is most necessary, as it is not advisable to mix those intended for food with those used for several days as decoys—for obvious reasons. When the supply of forked sticks is exhausted we place the birds with their heads under their wings, as if asleep, as the presence of one dead goose stretched on its back would be quite sufficient to scare away the incoming flocks.

Again we resume our cramped quarters, as flock after flock share the same fate. Many times we suffer disappointment, when the wary goose refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," and after circling round decides to go elsewhere. Then we sit on the edge of our holes, and as we watched their receding forms, I fear our language was not always quite ladylike. Several times, when very large flocks appeared, the caller would not allow us to shoot, as he considered

it was not worth scaring so many for the few geese secured. On these occasions we lay very low, and sometimes the birds actually alighted all round us, but soon discovered something was wrong and were off.

We shot steadily from daybreak till eleven, when the waggon called for us, and we drove back to luncheon, only to come back for another short time from four to six. The afternoon flight never equals that of the morning. The first day's result was most satisfactory, being over a ton of geese, averaging, say, 300 to the ton; our bag for the two days numbered 626 birds. Of this we were not a little proud, as it turned out to be the record shoot of the season.

The decoy geese never breed in confinement, although they pair and display great affection for their mates. Old Billy, a gander, was famous for his uxorious proclivities, and I fear his feelings were most unkindly harassed for our benefit. It was always arranged that his wife should be sent on with the other party, the result being most satisfactory, as he squawked loudly the whole day. In the evening the reunion was quite touching. Billy could not sufficiently express his delight at seeing his spouse again, safe and sound, and kept running round her, flapping his wings and behaving in the most ridiculous manner in his joy.

The dead geese were sent off by train to San Francisco, and distributed at a nominal cost among the poorer population. As each bird averages about seven pounds, they would furnish a substantial meal for a family. For our own eating we always chose the thinner geese, as when fat they become rather rank. The breast of a goose makes four steaks, better than any tenderloin I ever tasted. The skin is removed, and the meat is cooked after the fashion of a veal cutlet. The guns employed were full-choke duck guns, using not less than No. 6 shot, though No. 5 is preferable.

We returned to San Francisco feeling we had never spent a more enjoyable time, and everything possible had been done to minister to our comfort and make our trip a success. It was some time before our knees recovered from the soreness occasioned by the hardness of the ground on which we had spent so much of our time, and it was a week before we could use them without pain.

W. P.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

IT is probably very safe to say that no human beings, except Mr. John Timbs and Mr. Alexander Gunn, have ever read or will read the whole of *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales; their Legendary Lore and Popular History*, now reissued in a complete and revised form, with many additions, by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co.; 1,700 closely printed pages, and all full of facts and research, are enough to damp the energy of the most voracious reader. Yet the volumes, the interest of which is enhanced by a few well-selected photogravures, by Franz Hanfstaengl of Munich, afford a delightful browsing ground for any person of cultivated taste whose soul is not absolutely dead to the manifold historical associations of his native country. It is not pretended, of course, that there are not monographs on the separate subjects treated in these volumes, which are more authoritative, elaborate, and comprehensive than the pages here devoted to them. But at the same time it is said, without fear of contradiction, that the work of Mr. Timbs and Mr. Gunn is a marvel of industry, and is full of abundant surprises in the form of what may be called the gossip of history. The authors are not content with mere architecture and antiquarianism. They take the reader by the hand, and if he is content to accompany them, they tell him all manner of anecdotes concerning every part of the country.

In an endeavour to give some idea of the varied charms of these volumes, let me allude particularly to the points of interest which one finds outside what the title would naturally suggest, in relation to London and its environs—premising only that the title itself is abundantly justified. Very delightful are the legendary stories of London Bridge in that of the building of St. Mary Overies Church by the daughter of John Overs, miser and ferryman, which is quite enchanting.

"To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and, having danced round the body, they broke open his larder, and fell to banqueting. The Ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; 'but when he could endure it no longer,' says the tract, 'stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness;

when one of them, thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains.' It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the Ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death.

"The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their Abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. But, upon the Abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St. Thomas-a-Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the Ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony. Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a host of troubles, and desirous to be free from the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the building of the church of Saint Mary Overies, which commemorates her name."

Then as to the bridge itself, there are all sorts of legends, including that of the Lady of Lee, of the building of the original stone bridge by Peter of Colechurch, and of the penances that were performed on it. Here, for example, Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, being convicted of necromancy, having come by water from Westminster, walked in the bridge street, carrying a waxen taper of two pounds' weight in her hand, with her feet bare, and with scrolls narrating her crime affixed to her white dress. Here, in 1390, was the great jousting between David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and John De Wells, the English Ambassador to Scotland, ending in the discomfiture of the latter; and we have a pretty picture of Earl David at the end of the battle. He leapt from his horse, for he had fought without anger and but for glory, and casting himself upon his opponent, tenderly embraced him till he revived and the surgeons came to attend him. All these stray legends, indeed, lead to the reflection, What extraordinary people our ancestors were! And picking out the more unusual points mentioned even in the first 200 pages, I would venture to say that they

contain all manner of amusing stories, the great number of which are unfamiliar to ninety-nine persons out of every hundred. How many people, without reference to their books, know the legend of the dark red stone of St. John's Wood, of the beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green, of the Lady Arabella's fatal marriage, of the field of forty footsteps, or the strange story of Lady Hatton?

Speaking generally, there is certainly no district in England or Wales in which these volumes will not be a valuable acquisition to any library, public or private, or in which they will not tell every cultivated man, who is not a professed antiquarian, far more than he already knew about the innumerable points of interest which lie close at hand in every angle of our country, if he have but the knowledge with which to appreciate them. Speaking personally, the parts of the country with which I am most familiar are North Wales, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Berkshire, and London, and yet, after reading the parts of these volumes which deal with districts about which I fondly hoped I knew something, I am simply appalled at my own ignorance, and at the same time agreeably surprised at the immense number of interesting things which these authors have to tell one, and no less at the quiet fascination of their manner in telling them. In fact—to use with the utmost sincerity the expression which is often a mere form—this book is one of the few which can fairly be described as indispensable. Seldom has so much learning been condensed into the space; seldom, indeed, has the antiquarian consented to lighten his work by the provision of so much gossip of old times. The volumes are fascinating, and the only thing to be regretted is that it is simply impossible to give an idea of their infinite variety otherwise than in general terms.

Something it may be permissible to add by way of personal explanation. I cannot pretend to be an antiquarian or not to be repelled by that which is merely dry as dust. It follows that my testimony to the difficulty of laying aside books that

have been taken up, and to the recurrence of the temptation to resume them when they have been laid down, is of greater value.

CYGNUS.

IN *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* (Macmillan) Mr. Charles Major has embarked upon a very difficult task. He has taken the well-known historical story of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, commemorated by the monument in Bakewell Church (a drawing of which by that distinguished artist the Marchioness of Granby forms his frontispiece), and, without taking any very serious liberties with accepted tradition, he has breathed into the names of the characters the spirit of love. For the moment the narrator becomes Malcolm Vernon, a cousin of Dorothy, escaped from Scotland and mixed up more or less with the intrigues and amours of Mary Stuart. He introduces Mary into the tale without, perhaps, much warrant; but who could write of those stirring times and omit her from his page? He invents, too (or, at any rate, the other chroniclers do not mention), a proposed alliance between Dorothy and Lord Stanley, the Louthish Bob Acres-like son of the reigning Earl of Derby; he makes Rutland Castle, not Belvoir, the home of the then Earl of Rutland, and he shows us Mary Queen of Scots imprisoned there. But beyond that he is fairly faithful to history, and of a surety he makes his puppets live and move and have their being, so that the follower of their fortunes, always interested in that "fairest, fiercest, gentlest, weakest, strongest of them all—Dorothy Vernon," sometimes fairly gasps for breath. Would that I could treat the book at the length it deserves. Since that is impossible, let me quote one passage in which the superb scorn of Dorothy for her brutal father when she will not betray the name of her lover, of the hated house of Manners, is simply splendidly portrayed:

"Tell me the name of the man who wrote this letter," he cried, holding toward her the fragment of paper. "Tell me his name, or, I swear before God, I swear it upon my knighthood, I will have you flogged in the Upper Court till you bleed. I would do it if you were fifty times my child."

"Then Dorothy awakened. The girl was herself again. Now it was only for herself she had to fear. Her heart kept saying, 'This for his sake—this for his sake.' Out of her love came fortitude, and out of her fortitude came action."

"Her father's oath had hardly been spoken till the girl tore her bodice from her shoulders. She threw the garment to the floor and said:

"I am ready for the whip, I am ready. Who is to do the deed, father, you or the butcher? It must be done. You have sworn it, and I swear before God and my maidenhood that I will not tell you the name of the man who wrote the letter. I love him, and therefore I will (not) tell you his name or forego his love for me, or before I will abate one jot or one tittle of my love for him I will gladly die by the whip in your hand. I am ready for the whip, father. I am ready. Let us have it over quickly."

Superb too, almost queenly, is the proud scorn of the girl's face in the picture by Mr. Chandler Christy which stands opposite the page containing this very strong passage; but, on the whole, it cannot be said that Mr. Christy's illustrations, albeit numerous and well executed in point of workmanship, are effective. His women are true to nature, but his men, for the most part, are simply young gentlemen of the United States. For the rest, a sound book and very well worth reading.

Mr. Edward Stanford is fortunate, and so is the public, in that the purchase of Murray's Handbooks by Mr. Stanford found Mr. John Meade Falkner already at work upon Berkshire. He is, in very truth, exactly the man for this kind of work. Active in body, learned in antiquarian and architectural lore, immersed in a great business during the greater part of the year, he has devoted his holidays to topographical and antiquarian study, and, as he had already shown by his treatment of Oxfordshire (to say nothing of a novel of uncommon merit), he has the pen of a graceful and a lucid writer. In Berkshire he has a subject after his own heart. The rambling county "slipper-shaped," as old Fuller called it far more accurately than Ashmole, who likened it to a lute, is fragrant of historical memories, such as those of Alfred (passim) and of Newbury, to say nothing of the myriad reminiscences of Windsor; it abounds in abbeys, such as those of Abingdon and Reading, and in churches of exceptional interest, amongst which may be mentioned St. Helen's (Abingdon), Newbury, Faringdon, Wantage, Shottesbrooke, Lambourn, and Buckland, although many old churches have suffered sadly at the hands of the "restorers." It has its fair share of mediæval and Elizabethan houses, although in this respect it will not bear comparison with the neighbouring county of Oxfordshire. Altogether it is a fascinating county, and its *vates sacer* is emphatically a man who understands his subject. Yet for all this he is not above his business in practical matters, and the whole result of his labour is as good a guide book as the heart of man need desire.

The *Monthly Review* begins with a sort of sequel to "Dame Europa's School," that clever skit of our boyhood's days, provoked by an attack made by M. Novicow, a candid friend of St. Petersburg, in *La Revue*—not remarkably striking. "On the Line," the reviewing article, is less interesting than usual, partly because the



Lizzie Castwell-Smith.

THE HON. DIANA LISTER.

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books with which it deals are mostly pretty well known. It contains, however, an article on Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Algernon Cecil, which, if it adds little to our knowledge of his political principles. His philosophy "was a protest against the prevalent utilitarianism; it avowedly appealed to the emotions; it preferred the passions of religion and loyalty to the lifeless rule of conduct which is furnished by unilluminated reason." That, which is the idea running through "Coningsby," is the key to all Disraeli's efforts to popularise Conservatism in this country. The second of Mr. Carlyon Bellairs's articles on "The Navy and the Engineer" is a trifle disappointing. *Engineering*, it seems, has taken him to task for promulgating ideas which it was hardly likely to accept, and, instead of continuing his argument, which was a good one, steadily, he shows a little temper, and says some rather unkind things which are hardly likely to advance a good cause. Mr. Arthur Morrison continues his illuminating articles on the painters of Japan, which are illustrated by excellent reproductions of works by Sesshin, Kano Masanobu, Kano Motonobu, and others, most of which are to be found in the British Museum collection. But the best of them all, entitled "Herons in Mist," and from the hand of Kaihoku Yusho, is in Mr. Morrison's own collection. It shows "a corner of some rushy lake, overhung with a wet mist which seems to drench the very picture, in the midst of which two solemn herons stand like ghosts."

Here is a stanza, the first, from Mr. Henry Newbolt's "The King of England," in the same review. Let those understand it who can; to me it is melody without meaning.

"In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried, 'He comes,'
And no man turned to greet him passing there,
With phantom heralds challenging renown
And silent throbbing drums
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
Ride out with a great train through London town."

Mr. Alfred Ollivant's dog story, "Danny," seems to threaten to be very like Tennyson's brook, and to go on for ever. It has already reached the forty-ninth chapter—it is true they are very short chapters—and it shows a most complete understanding of dogs in general and of Dandie Dinmonts in particular, but as a story, if it be intended as such, it is not only wanting in cohesion, but also weak in character-painting, so far as human beings are concerned; and, after all, in a story even human beings count.

The *New Liberal Review* is all the better for general purposes in that it does very little to justify that part of its title which seems to require a close connection with politics. The "Notes of the Month" might, perhaps, be made more worthy of the word "new." The current number, dated August, reached me last week. One page of the notes is almost entirely devoted to the third test match on July 3rd and the following days. Of the space used less than a line consists of comment, which is not particularly illuminating: "There seems to be no doubt that the Colonials were the better side." The rest is bald chronicle, five lines, and the full score. "Index," whosever he may be, writes "an appreciation" of Lord Salisbury, which is not only marked by intimate knowledge, but also quite suitable for publication in a Conservative magazine; indeed, I have rarely read a more earnest eulogy of the proud, modest, sagacious, bitter-tongued, but kind-hearted statesman, who, all his life through, has cared nothing what the mass of people have said or thought of him. A very interesting article is "Lazy Oxford," by Mr. J. K. Fotheringham. Mr. Fotheringham admits that Oxford is lazy, but palliates its laziness. "The air, the traditions, the surroundings, are all fatal to any feeling of rush or turmoil. The Scotchman, hailing from a moist land, and perhaps insensible to the subtler influences of the place, may retain the native energy of his race. With the Englishman it is generally otherwise. He receives impressions which endear the place to him, but the impressions are not such as to set him to work while he remains there." After all, is this entirely to be regretted? If Oxford makes men and develops taste and judgment—in a word, if it turns out men, they are a thousand times better worth having than bookworms. A really fascinating article is Mr. Churton Collins's "Curiosities of Popular Proverbs." Phœbus, how old some of them are! and even when we have traced their origin to the earliest literature, how sure we feel that they were old then also! "No man is a hero to his valet" has been credited to Montaigne and to Madame de Sévigné; but it is found in Plutarch, whom Montaigne studied lovingly. And how quaint is the origin of some! Who knew that "to set the Thames on fire" was to set the "temse," or flour-winning sieve, on fire by vigorous use, or that "as sure as eggs is eggs" was a corrupted mathematical saying, "as sure as X is X"? These things make pretty reading.

FROM THE PAVILION.

IT is sad to have to bring fresh indictments against the weather as a "prone of our periods," but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Bank Holiday week was a time of disappointment to those who like to see games hard fought, well played, and finished; yet last Friday "the tape" recorded "Match abandoned for the day" for five matches out of nine, and while we inspected, came there another despatch, "No more play at Bristol." I am not weather-wise, but it certainly does seem that we have struck an entirely new era of weather, and that we are paying through the nose for the series of splendid summers that we have enjoyed for about ten years. The lean years—not many, we hope—are succeeding the fat and fruitful years. It is strange but true that these climatic eccentricities lead to a similar goal, a plethora of drawn games and unsatisfactory results. In the hot, dry summers men complain that scoring is too simple, aggregates too large, and draws the result; in these wet seasons scoring is difficult and aggregates limited, but draws are the result owing to rain. It is new and effective testimony to the truth of the aphorism, *les extremes se touchent*. The Australian side, however, seem to have a happy knack, not possessed by ourselves, of triumphing over weather and wicket, of which fact their match with Hants was quite a good example. On a puzzling pitch the county had apparently made a good start, by scoring about 140 runs and getting out four of its opponents cheaply. Darling and Noble promptly grasped the situation, and by some dashing, risk-taking hitting at once altered a level game into a winning game—a winning game for Australia. Darling's hitting was worthy of Lyons at his best, no less than five of his smites sending

the ball hissing and humming out of the ground. He is undoubtedly a wonderful forcing player when he is in the mood, though he can play the slow game with the best of them. About the test match I dare not prognosticate further than to suggest that if the Australians win they will also have to work. We have got something to wipe off a slate, and our fellows mean to sponge hard, if they can.

The Canterbury Week always marks an era in the cricket season, ominous, unfortunately, of its close. The elements did not co-operate with the Kent executive, and the match with Essex, the first of the week, was drawn in consequence, but it served to show that the Oxford captain, C. H. B. Marsham, was still in good form, and this form he kept up by scoring 92 against Surrey in the last match of the week. I hear that he might have been out half-a-dozen times before he scored 20, so utterly at sea was he with the bowling, especially that of Lockwood. After that he settled down, and could not do wrong, his play being most brilliant. That's how the game goes; if fortune is sulky, the first bad stroke is fatal, if she is cheerful, the bad strokes cost us nothing. In the end Kent won very easily indeed, a regular old-fashioned "Surrey collapse" setting in; the wicket was rather difficult, it is true, but Hayward and Hayes got on so well that 55 was realised by the time the second wicket fell. Four more runs were all that the rest could raise! The bowling of Mason and Blythe, the good catching of Kent, and the feeble batting of Surrey—there were six "ducks' eggs"—produced this welcome win, for Kent, like Middlesex, have been sadly down on their luck this year. Curiously enough, Middlesex also secured a gallant victory, at the expense of Gloucestershire. A fine but lucky century from Warner's bat, backed by a string of useful thirties and a forty, enabled Middlesex to declare, 165 to the good, and Trott did the rest, for 95 was the total of the Western county, most of which came from Jessop, Wrathall, and Rice, the only men who could handle Trott with any success. Notts had a bad week, as they came near to beating both Surrey and Essex, but failed owing to the weather and its freaks; perhaps the bowling of John Gunn and Wass were the features of the week's cricket from a Nottinghamshire point of view. Sussex, without Fry and Ranjitsinhji, were lucky to escape from Somerset, and owe their escape largely to the good batting of P. H. Latham, who steps into county cricket in the most natural way in the world after school work is over. I omitted, by the way, to refer to the fine play of Major Poore, who had a place in the Hants team that the Australians beat. To come back after three years of warring, suffering from a broken arm that was not quite right, to bat for three hours, and to score 63 runs not out against the Australian bowling, were really remarkable, and proves what a fine natural cricketer the late Provost-Marshal of Pretoria is, and what a huge gap his absence made in his county's eleven. The match between Leicestershire and Yorkshire was remarkable for the fact that it never began at all, owing to what is described as "a record rainfall" in Leicester. Several matches had to be abandoned last year without a ball being sent down, but this year, bad as the weather has been, some start has been made in every match until the game in question. Worcestershire could only get a day's play against Derbyshire, and took full advantage of a soft, easy wicket, and soft, easy bowling, by scoring 463 runs at the moderate cost of seven wickets.

W. J. FORD.



THE freaks of fortune which have marred this polo season were once more illustrated on Saturday week, for when we had decided that no more polo was to be seen in London, and journeyed to Leamington, it turned out that Saturday's best match was at Hurlingham. Everything had gone well at the Warwickshire Club until the finals of their open tournament and handicap. The weather, if not delightful, was not unpleasant, but on August 2nd the rain came down in showers, and there was a chill wind. But this would not have mattered so much if it had not fallen out that two of the contending teams seemed to lose their form in an unaccountable manner. Both the finals were thus devoid of interest. Yet it must be said that the best teams won, and that if there was no close contest on the day of the final, there had been some sharp struggles earlier in the tournament. Indeed, it may be said with truth that if luck had not been against them, the Goodfellows—Mr. J. Hargreaves, Mr. R. Barker, Mr. F. Hargreaves, and Captain Haig—might very well have been the winning team. As it was, the handsome challenge cup (which the townspeople of Leamington gave) fell to Mr. Buckmaster's team—Messrs. J. Drage, F. Freake, W. Buckmaster, and F. O. Ellison—after a poor game with Beauchamp Hall, while C Team—Messrs. Batchelor, Freake, Richardson, and A. D. Flower—had an equally easy win in the handicap tournament. But these last had well earned the honour, for they were the best of nine teams entered for this tournament. The handicapping was very good, and this may perhaps be said to be the second best handicap of the season, the first place being given to Ranelagh's second handicap. It will be noted that Mr. Freake was in the winning team in both cases. In the earlier matches both he and Mr. Flower displayed good form. Altogether the Warwickshire week was a successful polo gathering, only wanting rather better weather to make it thoroughly enjoyable.

Rugby began with a good entry on Monday; but it will perhaps be better for the time being to turn back to Hurlingham, where a close and exciting match was played between a team of the Royal Horse Guards—the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Castlereagh, Captain Fitzgerald, and Mr. D. Marjoribanks—and Mulgrave House—Major Schofield, Lord Shrewsbury, Major Egerton-Green, and Mr. Frank Bellville. Captain Fitzgerald kept his team well together, and, with some steady passing, the Royal Horse Guards pressed down on Mulgrave House, and the ball being well placed, the Duke of Roxburghe hit a goal. In the next period Mr. Marjoribanks, a well-mounted heavy weight, came right up into the game and scored. After that the play was more even, and Major Egerton-Green's side began to attack in their turn. But Mr. Marjoribanks is a steady back, and seldom fails not only to hit the ball away from his own goal, but to place it where his side can take possession. Nevertheless, Mulgrave House were pressing, and the ball was hit or kicked through by a pony out of a scrimmage. Then the ends were changed, but Mulgrave House still hovered by their adversaries' goal, until Lord Shrewsbury made a particularly smart stroke and back-handed the ball between the posts. This is a most useful stroke, and seems to have come into

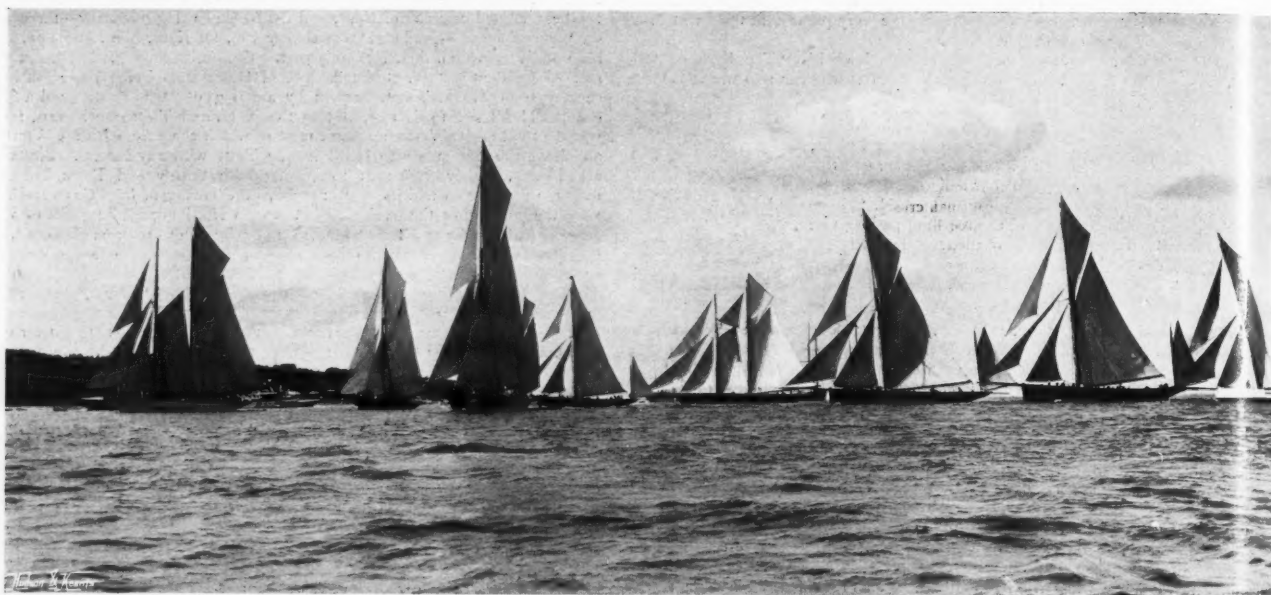
favour, or at all events I fancy I have seen it tried more often of late. Both sides were two goals, then Mulgrave House made another, and last of all, and just in time, the Royal Horse Guards scored again, and the game was drawn at three all.

From Hurlingham to Rugby is only a change of place—the players and the ponies are the same. The Rugby ground shows the advantage of years of careful rolling and care, and is as level as a billiard-table. The Springhill team won their match on Bank Holiday, but it was not till Tuesday that I found myself on the ground. A close match we could not expect, for the teams were, Stockton House—Messrs. J. Drage, F. M. Freake, W. Buckmaster, and F. O. Ellison—against Rokely—Mr. C. P. Nickalls, Comte J. de Madre, Sir H. de Trafford, and Mr. C. D. Miller. It was obvious that the former team, which

had already won the Leamington tournament and had played together, must be the stronger. But all the players meant to do their best. Mr. Buckmaster rode Bendigo, Mr. Freake the bay pony which readers of COUNTRY LIFE have already had the opportunity of admiring, Comte de Madre the grey Mademoiselle, and Mr. C. D. Miller Santa Ramona. For a time there was a struggle, but from the moment when Mr. Freake shot out and fairly galloped the other side down, we felt that the end was only a question of time. When I left to catch a train, Stockton House were five goals ahead, and the victory was a certainty for them. Yet it was a game full of pace and incident, and far better, as so many matches are, to watch than could be gathered from the scores as we read them afterwards.

X.

REFLECTIONS ON COWES.



Cribb.

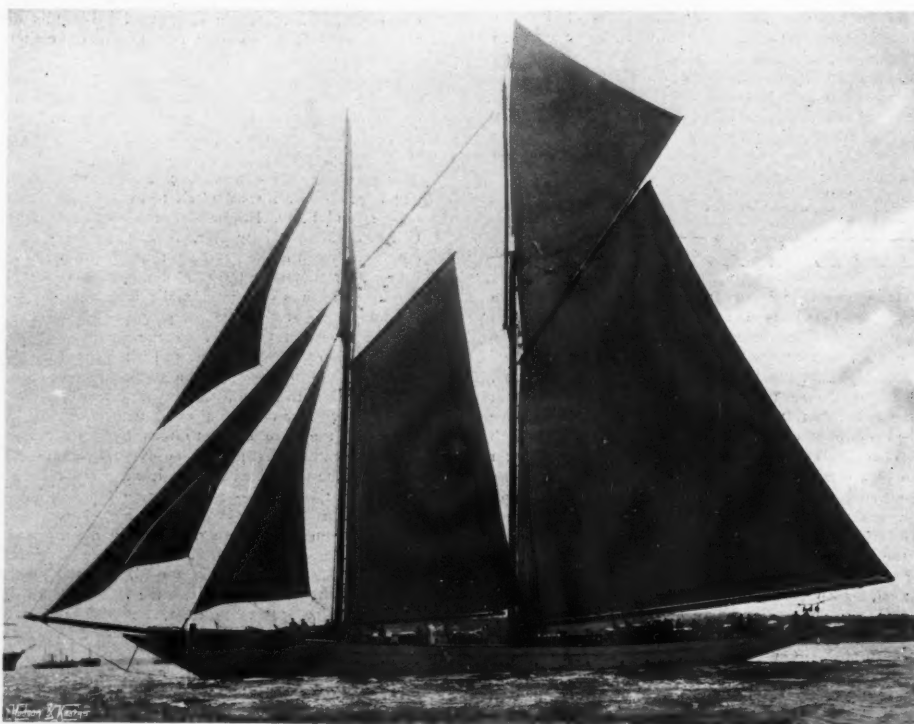
THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP.

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THE Cowes Week of 1902 will establish a record through some considerable period of time by the numbers of the entries for the bulk of the yacht races during the regatta. It may be that the number of vessels in the roads has been excelled in previous years, but never in the size and aggregate tonnage of those assembled in this the Coronation year. The King's yacht, Victoria and Albert, dominated the fleet in appearance, and there was a certain joviality among the people both afloat and ashore, in consequence of the constant news of progress towards good health that the official bulletins and the reports of friends brought from his temporary home to many loyal but anxious subjects of the King. The usual statement was bruited around that in Cowes no more houses, lodgings, or even single rooms were to be procured. All such statements are subject to an equitable discount, but the fact remains that at least as many people as were convenient found billets in the town, and the well-kept gardens of the Castle were crowded during the fashionable hours normally and pleasantly devoted to tea and to scandal,

both accompanied by the strains of various bands and groups of imported performers, artists long used to the management of the human voice, and of instruments in musical medley. The members of the Squadron were hospitable to the candidates who sought membership on the opening day, and their hospitality showed lasting power on other lines throughout the week. The library of the Castle had a perennial flow of fair visitors to see the treasures there garnered but now dispersed. The magnificent gilded cup presented by His Majesty, our now crowned King, for competition amongst yachts owned by members of

the Royal Yacht Squadron, stood solidly in massive proportion in the centre, flanked on one side by a handsome three-handled bowl offered by the German Emperor, and on the other by a beautifully balanced vase given by Lord Crawford, of Scottish and scientific fame, as a special prize; two porcelain ornaments made in Germany occupied the foreground: these were second and third prizes sent by His Majesty from Berlin as subsidiary to his more valuable gift. Lord Crawford's prize is to be sailed



Cribb.

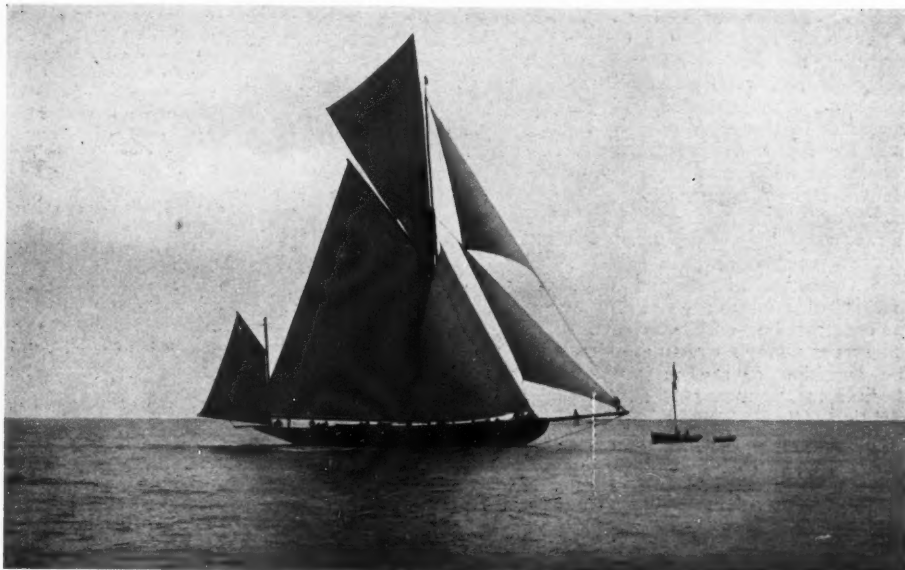
METEOR III.

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for on the 18th inst. by auxiliary steam yachts, and they are confined to such limited progress as their sail-power may permit. A course of some 320 miles will allow ample time for the consideration of Channel tides and the variations of summer winds; but books and good company have alleviating powers, even if the imprisonment with the potentiality of being drowned exceeds the contemplated forty-eight hours.

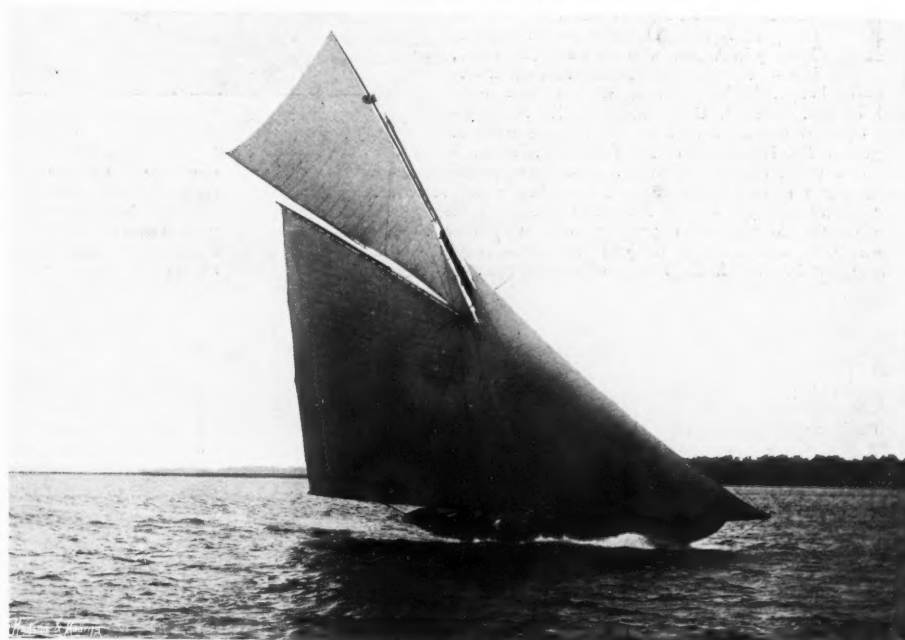
On Tuesday the King's Cup was won by the yawl Brynhild. The vessel sailed well, but the good judgment shown by her helmsman at the few critical minutes covering the start materially aided her endeavour. The field of starters was numerous and the handicap satisfactory; a trifling error of judgment in the management of the winning vessel might readily have conveyed the coveted cup into other hands. Both the races for big vessels on Wednesday were sailed at exceptionally high speed, and the schooner Meteor won the club prize. On a day curiously suited to a vessel of her rig, she sailed forty-eight sea miles in 4hr. less 10min. The Commodore telegraphed his congratulations to the German Emperor, and promptly received the following message: "Sincerest thanks for kind congratulations. I assure the flag officers and members of the Squadron that I am very proud to have won their prize.—WILLIAM I.R." We may hope that all future telegrams will show equal good feeling and courtesy to this country.

It was unfortunate that, owing to handicap regulations, the new English schooner Cicely sailed simultaneously in another race on another course, but of, approximately, the same length. The Emperor's yacht is apparently 120ft. on the water-line, the Cicely is but 90ft., yet the latter sailed her race in a few seconds over 4hr., which, when compared with the Meteor's speed, gives room for consideration as to the results of the Kiel meeting between the same two vessels: Would the judgment based on those trials be reversed or confirmed? A new cutter of forty-nine tons, the Palmosa, sailed the course under 5hr., and proved herself to be as good as she is good-looking, but neither her smartness nor the Cicely's high speed earned the prize for either of these two good, but widely dissimilar, vessels. The old cutter Irex, always celebrated for her reaching qualities,



SIR JAMES PENDER'S BRYNHILD.
(Winner of the King's Cup.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Stuart.

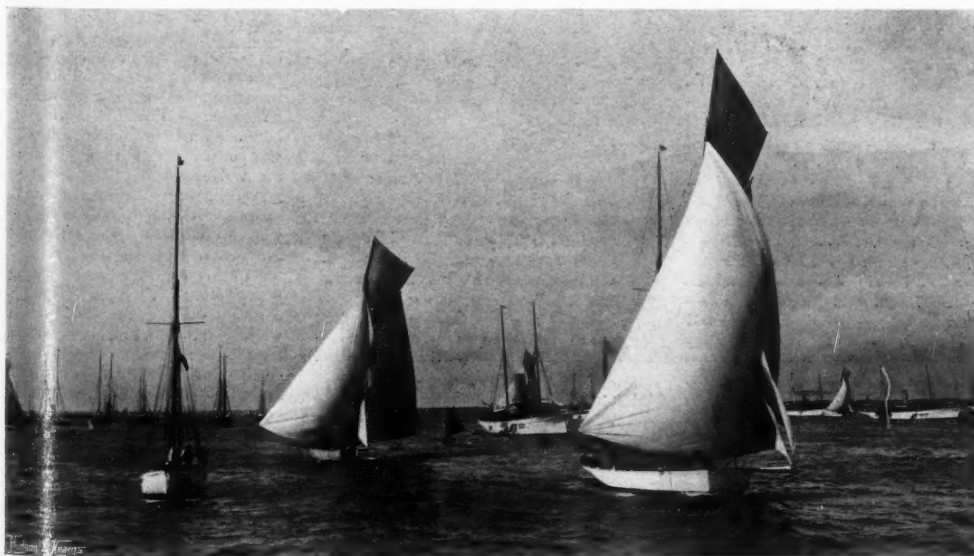
LUCIDA, A SUCCESSFUL 52-FOOTER.

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was first on the handicap; the handsome old schooner Cetonia was second, and the still more aged Fiona was third, in a large squadron of motley competitors.

On Thursday the yawl Sybarita beat the well-sailed Meteor, but the wind of the previous day had shifted in direction if not in strength, and the yawl's rig, doing yeoman's service, won for her owner the cup given by the Town of Cowes. A mixed race for Royal Yacht Squadron prizes was sailed on the same day, and on the handicap the first was won by the Namara, with Brynhild as second on time allowance and the German schooner Clara third.

On Friday the regatta of the Squadron closed with speed trials of smaller vessels. Throughout the week subsidiary races for the less important yachts were sailed at intervals, and on the whole the Clyde experiences of the Scotch Camellia—a 52ft. rater according to modern measurement—were adequately endorsed.



Crish.

A GOOD START.

(The 42ft. and 52ft. Linear rating.)

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With the exception of the Meteor and the Cicely no new vessels of important size have made their appearance during this year, and the field is altogether small of new yachts designed solely for racing purposes. Expenses are rapidly growing, in construction, maintenance, and wages, and few aspirants replace vacancies in the older school; sailing in small yachts, suitable only for day work, has ousted the form of sport of a past generation, and such abnormal expenditure of time and money as is involved in hunting the snark in America is possible only to exceptional men in exceptional circumstances. A racing machine whose prime cost is £25,000, whose butterfly life as a racer is counted by months, owing to the diminution to a bare margin of safety in weight of material used in construction, and which when young or old serves none but racing purpose, is outside the ambition of the majority, and is only possible to the means of a small minority of yachting folk. The King left Cowes on Wednesday, too early by one day to see the stately procession of warships coming from active manoeuvre to the scene of naval pageant at Spithead.

ON THE GREEN.

THAT promising young Scottish golfer, Mr. John Graham, has been at it again at Hoylake, winning the Bank Holiday medal, or whatever the prize is that is played for on the first Monday in August, with a score of 78, which, if not sensational, or record breaking, or any of those long adjectived things, was at least quite good enough. Mr. R. Goold and Mr. R. S. Hilton were equal second at 82. I do not see the name of the greater Mr. Hilton nor of Mr. John Ball in the prize list, from which one infers, with such certainty as the uncertainty of golf admits, that they were better engaged somewhere else. Mr. G. H. Joshua, the honorary secretary of the Felixstowe Club, had the best scratch score there on the Monday with 79, but with a penalty handicap of two it was not good enough to win the prize, which was a handicap medal, taken by Mr. C. C. Tunks, with an allowance of eight strokes and nett 78.

This week there is great play over the St. Andrews new course for the Calcutta Cup, a handicap tournament business. The heaviest handicapped and without great doubt the best player in the competition is Mr. H. G. B. Ellis, handicapped to owe two. Mr. A. F. Macfie is put in at owing one, and if the course were the old one Mr. Ellis would have all his work cut out for him to concede anything to Mr. Macfie. But the latter gets on better where the ball will run nicely and does not need so much carry. After saying so much by way of prophecy, it would be just like the irony of fate if Mr. Macfie won his tournament, having met and defeated Mr. Ellis by an enormous number of holes. There were several men at scratch—Mr. Herbert Fowler, Mr. E. Scratton, Mr. Norman Boase, who was drawn to meet Mr. Macfie in the first round, and

on the thirty-six holes more than Braid's score, and even so Herd was three strokes better than Taylor and Vardon, who brought up the tail, tying at 154 strokes for the two rounds. It does not need to go much further than these figures, showing how Braid knocked the other three great men into the most shapeless specimen of the proverbial cocked hat, to demonstrate that he must have played something out of the ordinary kind of golf. The West Country ought to be full of his name and fame.

The manner in which the French, writing in the *Figaro*, speak of this sacred game of golf is enough to make the denizens of the St. Andrews churchyard turn in their graves. The *Figaro* speaks of golf—comparatively a



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MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

new invention in the neighbourhood of Paris—as *le flirt sur le terrain varié*. By St. Andrew, what next?

Golf and statesmanship, as all the world knows, go together, and two photographs showing the new Prime Minister and the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, each engaged in the royal and ancient game, are appropriate to this column.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

TRING SHOW.

IT is scarcely probable that a tie of those who have of late years enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to Tring Show are aware of the fact that the reunion of last week, which as usual took place in Lord Rothschild's charming park, was the sixty-third of the series. It was so, however, and consequently there is much pleasure in adding that, although there was a microscopical reduction in the Jersey entry, the other important classes were records in their respective lines. The old supporters of Tring Show, moreover, were patronising it again, as amongst the exhibitors were His Majesty the King, Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir A. Henderson, M.P., Sir J. B. Maple, M.P., Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., Captain Duncombe, and Mr. John Parnell in the horse department; whilst the exhibitors of cattle included the Marquess of Winchester, Lord Rayleigh, the Duke of Marlborough, Lady de Rothschild, Earl Cadogan, Mrs. McIntosh, and other well-known breeders.

As usual at this show, the Shires formed the great attraction of the horse section, the mare classes being better than the stallions, which is not surprising, as not only were the former more liberally provided for, but adult animals competed, which was not the case in the horse section. Sir A. Henderson was successful here in securing Sir Walter Gilbey's cup for the best mare or filly in the show with his yearling, Buscot Smart, by Markeaton Royal Harold, a bay of fine quality with the best of hair and joints, Messrs. Thompson's eight year old chestnut Saxon Flower, the winning brood mare, being reserve for this honour, whilst Captain Duncombe was first in filly foals with Daystar of Waresley, an unusually good youngster of her age. A fine

filly also is Mr. Victor Cavendish's two year old, who won in her class; indeed, the Shires were an excellent collection all through. Hunters, thanks chiefly to the excellence of Mr. Drage's and Mr. Stokes's representatives in the five year old riding classes, which took all the prizes between them, were interesting; whilst the Keynsham Stud experienced some remarkable luck in the polo pony section, being awarded first, second, and third prizes in the saddle class with Nondescript, Game Chicken, and Reviver respectively, the second of which is a very well-known performer at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. John Barker, M.P., and the Rev. D. B. Montefiore applying the first prize winners in the brood mare classes with Medlesome and other.



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THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. H. Ferrier-Kerr. Mr. Boase scratched in the first heat and gave Mr. Macfie a walk over. Mr. J. A. Shaw won this tournament from scratch last year, but he did not enter to repeat his last year's win.

Braid must have been in terrible form at Newquay the other day. I have not the most remote knowledge of the course at Newquay, but I do not think this is required to convince the ignorant of the kind of golf he was playing. What logicians call the comparative method is sufficient. Others who were there, exhibiting themselves, were the champion, Herd, Vardon, and Taylor. Braid's two rounds were of 70 each. Herd, who was second, was 74 to his first round and 77 to his second. This comes out at eleven strokes

Sir J. easily first cows, which excellent cl Duchess Hazell in two ye with the Apple B the Chi came to yearlings wick Duc were not the qual Mr. H. the lion's prizes. T seen bett at Tring, that there merit an netito M-Calmo in cows v Lady d second wit whilst th Winchest fore in the heifers wi who sul placed sec the cham year olds Mr. M. H Marlboro The l

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Sir,—I colleagu neighb that bet tiercel f This I seemed and fol passing ago I t of this, two yar the wir instant flew at tremen able to I was

Sir J. B. Maple was easily first in shorthorn cows, which were an excellent class, with May Duchess 25. Mr. W. Hazell being to the fore in two year old heifers with the red and white Apple Blossom XI., but the Chilwickbury herd came to the top again in yearlings, thanks to Childwick Duchess. The bulls were not numerous, but the quality was good, Mr. H. Bandon securing the lion's share of the prizes. There have been seen better Jersey classes at Tring, though for all that there was plenty of merit amongst the competitors, Colonel M-Calmor winning first in cows with Lottie, and Lady de Rothschild second with Charlotte VI., whilst the Marquess of Winchester was to the fore in the three year old heifers with Lady Belle, who subsequently was placed second to Lottie for the championship. The Marquess of Winchester scored again in the two year olds with Dusky Jane, and Lady de Rothschild's Blue Rock beat Mr. M. Hallett's very smart Goddington Alicante in the yearlings, the Duke of Marlborough winning in bulls, with Admiral Brand next in order.

The butter tests are always a great feature of attraction at Tring Show, and this time Captain Smith-Neill's well-known Tuddies Queen won first prize in the not exceeding 900lb. live-weight class, which contained thirty-two entries. Her score was 52.55 points, whilst that of Mr. W. Cooper's second prize winner, Haverling Gloriosa, was 42.25, Dr. Watney's third prize winner, Aurelius Shrub, being awarded 40.80, all these cows being Jerseys. In the over 900lb. weight class there were thirty entries, Dr. Watney winning with Sha'ab, 66.55 points; second falling to Mr. Merry's Molly, 47.75; and third to Viscount Enfield's Gloaming, 45.55; Molly being a shorthorn and the others Jerseys.



J. T. Newman.

TUDDIES QUEEN.

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at the covey and carried off one of them, and this gave me the answer to the riddle. The cunning bird had surely noticed, while soaring for his pleasure, that the noise of the train often put up game, and this gave him the idea of making use of the train as a beater for his own benefit.—PRINCE E. Z. ODESCALCHI, Trúszér, Szabolcs megye, Hungary.

AN OLD CHIMNEY-PIECE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph I took of an old chimney-piece in Cadbury House, Yatton, Somerset. This chimney-piece was removed from an old house in Small Street, Bristol, when "improvements" were being made in that town.



The house originally belonged to the Elton family, the head of which, Sir E. H. Elton, Bart., now resides at Clevedon Court, Somerset. You had pictures of Clevedon Court in your interesting paper some two or three years since. If the photograph is of any use to you, you are welcome to it.—W. RAVENHILL STOCK.

THE CAUSE OF THE DECREASE OF CURLEWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a note on "Early Wildfowl Shooting" which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of August 9th, it is stated that "the protection of eggs has immensely added to the numbers of all waders, except the curlews, which are not local breeders, and decrease for reasons quite unknown." I think that one of the most obvious reasons is that the curlew generally nests in localities where it is difficult or almost impossible to enforce the law. Keepers on deer

DEVON & SOMERSET . STAGHOUNDS.

THE opening meet of these hounds took place on Wednesday, August 6th, at Cloutsham Farm, according to time-honoured custom, and was attended by a large number of local sportsmen and crowds of trippers from Minehead and Lynton. The weather was wet and misty, but cleared up in the course of the morning and became very fine and warm. A great number of stags were seen during the day. Indeed, they seem to increase and multiply year by year, in spite of the number which every year are accounted for by four packs of hounds.

A stag was quickly found which ran across the side of Dunkery Beacon in full view of the field assembled at Cloutsham. It looked as if a good run was in store, but he was a fat and heavy stag which was soon beaten by the pace, and turned downwards into the deep woods in the Horner Valley, where he was killed.

A second stag was of a more enterprising nature, and led the field a merry dance over the open moor, eventually saving his life among the herd which constantly frequents the Badgworthy Valley.

The prospects for the season are good, for the cold and wet which have been so unpleasant in other places have kept the "going" on the moor in good order, while the moist surface carries a much better scent than is often met with early in the season. The number of hunting visitors in the country is very great, and every available bit of accommodation both for men and horses seems to be taken up.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAIN AS A BEATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers, more especially my hawking colleagues, to hear of the strange sagacity of two wild passage peregrines in this neighbourhood. I heard from my falconers, who were hawk-nesting in May, that between the stations of Bályu and Béregzsász they saw a falcon and tiercel following the train and waiting on splendidly for an hour and a-half. This I also heard from several people in the neighbourhood. The report seemed strange to me, as I found the time too long, though that they stooped and followed the train a short distance I thought quite natural, as the passing train might very likely have disturbed a hawk's nest. A few days ago I travelled on the same line very early in the morning, never thinking of this, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a hawk passing about two yards from my face. It was flying slowly and looking at me through the window, so that I could easily distinguish a handsome haggard tiercel. I instantly remembered this story, and watched it with the greatest interest. It flew ahead, then swung itself up into the air to a fair height, then with a tremendous stoop came right into the very smoke of the funnel; all this I was able to observe thanks to the curves of the line. I watched for a long time till I was driven into my compartment by the cold of the early morning.

forests have a great objection to curlews, because, they say, and with some truth, that the birds act as sentinels to the deer, and often a long day's stalk has been spoilt when the shooter was within an ace of attaining his object by a frightened curlew giving warning to the much more valued quarry. The keepers therefore spare no pains to destroy all curlews' nests on the ground under their control, and notwithstanding the extraordinary shyness of the bird, it is easy with a little patience to discover the nest, for at the beginning of the breeding season a man walking across the moor will arouse every curlew within ken; and if the situation of their future homes has been selected, the birds will circle round over the spot, clearly indicating the locality, which the keeper notes as nearly as possible. He returns a few days later, when he thinks the birds are sitting, and sends his dogs over the ground, and very soon the nest with its beautiful pear-shaped eggs is discovered; these, if incubation has started, are ruthlessly destroyed, if not, they are cooked and eaten, and I can testify that their delicacy is quite equal to any plovers' eggs I have ever tasted. The birds themselves make excellent eating if shot before they have taken up their abode at their seaside quarters, after which their flesh very soon acquires an objectionable fishy flavour. I do not in any way wish to defend the attitude of keepers towards this most interesting bird, and merely mention it as a possible reason for the decrease in their numbers. In fact, I distinctly remember the heartrending cries with which they protest against the destruction of their home, more distressing, I think, than those of any bird whose privacy I have had occasion to disturb.—A. MACDONALD.

VILLAGE TYPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying picture is a photograph of Mr. James Crerar, who is the head-gardener at Shabden Park, Surrey. He is seventy-five years of age, and has occupied his position for fifty years, living in the same cottage during

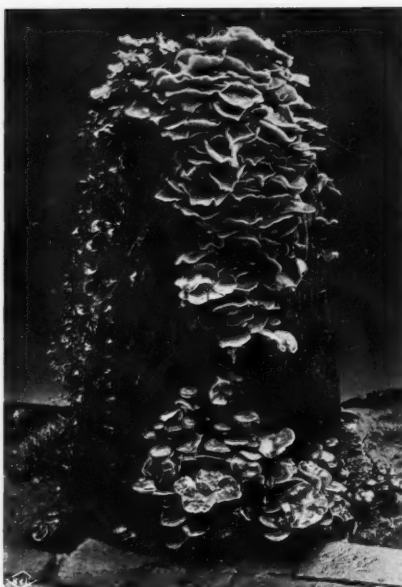


that time. Perhaps some of your readers can furnish us with other instances of such faithful service. The photograph was taken by Mr. W. Plank of Putney, Surrey.

THE TULIP-POPLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When I was last at home in England I saw several tulip-poplars (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) which were not doing well. I think that the cause was their not being planted in the right kind of soil. I have owned hundreds of fine tulip-poplars in West Virginia for many years, and I know that they must have a strong soil, or they will grow poorly and die early. They always do best in a loose rich loam as subsoil, and seem to be indifferent as to what underlies the subsoil, provided only that it is strong in nutriment. We find the best in the rich coves of the hillsides, facing northwards. When properly grown they are among the largest and most graceful of all trees. I know that they can do well in England, for the most beautiful one I ever saw anywhere was growing



a few years ago at Carswell House, near Faringdon in Berks. I suppose it is there now, as it was quite a young tree. It ought to receive far more attention in England than has yet been given to it, for its rapid growth, its luxuriant leafage, its masses of golden green blossoms in May or June, and the consummate grace of its feathering branches, make it a most valuable addition to any lawn or grove.—R. K. CANTLEY, West Virginia, U.S.A.

DO BIRDS APPRECIATE MUSIC?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent may be interested in the story of a robin that built in Bristol Cathedral for fifteen years. It usually perched on one of the pinnacles of the great organ during divine service, and would occasionally accompany the solemn strains of the music with its clear, trilling voice. It was so tame as to follow the verger to be fed. It died during the severe winter of 1889, and the minor canon of the cathedral, Mr. Samuel Love, composed a poem on it, a copy of which I have.—B. A.

FUNGI ON TREE STUMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a group of fungi growing on the stump of an old horse-chestnut tree. They made their appearance practically in the night, but were some three days before they arrived at maturity. Previous to the appearance of the fungi the stump was covered with numbers of minute insects, but I am unable to say if there is any connection between them. I have been told there is.—W. H. BELCHAMBERS, Leigate.

CHINA CLAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I desire very much to secure information about the manufacture of china clay in England. Will you be good enough to direct me to a source for getting this information. Are there Government reports relating to this subject? Thanking you in advance for your courtesy.—H. C. BULKLEY, Detroit, Mich, U.S.A.

[There is a useful account of the methods of manufacturing and preparing china clay in "Potters: Their Arts and Crafts," by Mr. John C. L. Sparkes, Principal of the Royal School of Art, South Kensington, and Walter Gandy, published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.; but probably any good encyclopædia would supply the information. There is a Government report (C. 9207, 1900) upon the use of lead compounds in the manufacture of pottery.—ED.]

IN THE VELVET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending herewith a photograph of a fallow buck, taken in the Deer Park at Homburg last month. It shows so beautifully the velvet on the horns at this time of the year that I hope you may think it worth while to accept it for your paper.—L. G. BONHAM CARTER.

